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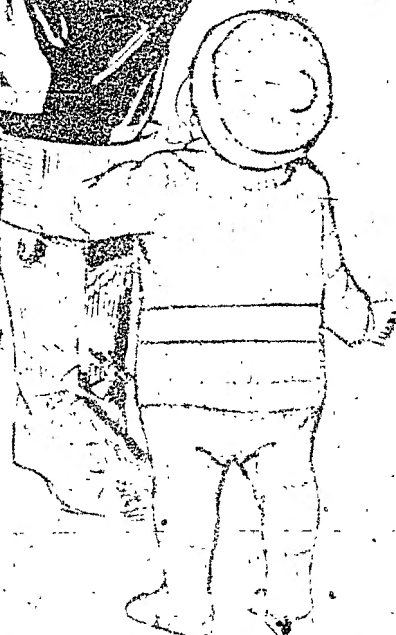
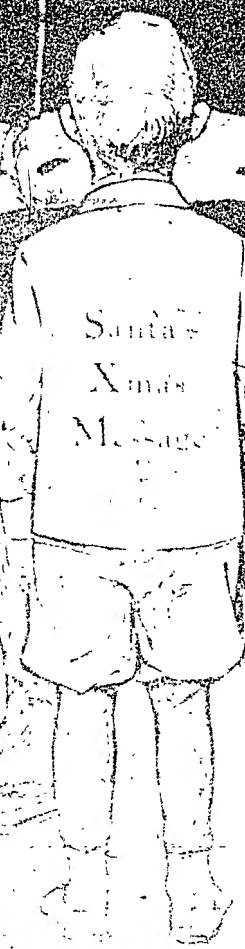
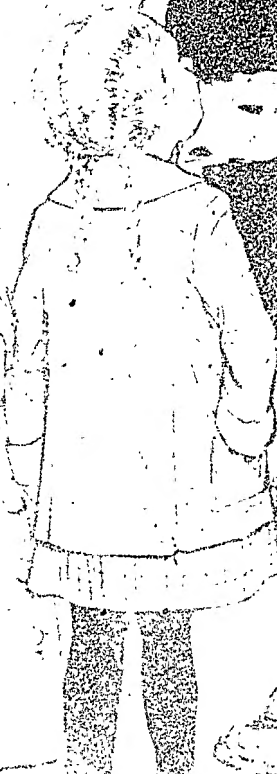
in Regina



The Store of the Christmas Spirit

The Regina Trading Co.
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Publisher's Greetings and Thanks

IT is our privilege to offer to lovers of seasonable reading a distinctly Regina-Made Magazine.

We have endeavored to gather together stories of Western Life that will make acceptable reading when the cares and worries of the day are laid aside and the heart seeks for the spirit of Christmas.

May we hope that you will find that spirit, for having found it, you will surely have

A Merry Christmas

To our Contributors and Advertisers would we tender our thanks; this number would have been an impossibility without their co-operation.

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ESTABLISHED 1903

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The Christmas of Peace

A year ago we knew the Peace of Christmas. Happy we were, in the knowledge that though our sons and brothers were still in far foreign lands the giant guns had ceased from roaring and our men would enjoy in peace what Christmas feasts the army afforded. We were at peace, too, and happy in the thought. We felt it was good to live.

Yet we were lonely, and apprehensive, and troubled, all the while. Lonely for the men overseas; apprehensive that the armistice might be broken; troubled at the prospect of grievous occurrences during the period of reconstruction. Peace had so newly come to the world that it seemed half unreal. It was a joyous time; but still under the surface there was worry.

Now we are entering upon another Christmas season, the real Christmas of Peace. Our men are back—save those who lie asleep over there. The crisis of reconstruction has been passed—there is much to do, but we know now we can do it. And Peace is real—the restrictions which war placed upon our daily habits of life have been removed, and we are free again to celebrate the glad season as we did before the shadow of war fell upon an unbelieving world.

We are free again, free through the sacrifices of brave men and noble women. We may feel sure it is the wish of those who died to keep us so that we enter freely into the real spirit of Christmas, the season of joy, "peace on earth, good-will to men"—the time of pleasure in giving, the period of childhood supreme. It is stating the causes in which they laid down their lives as truly as it may be stated to say they died that children in this our land might be merry.

Time brings its changes. You who have passed or are approaching the meridian of life, look back to the Yuletide of your childhood, and contrast it with the Christmas the children enjoy this year. The skates that curled back so gracefully over your frosted toes have become the light, scientifically balanced tube skate of to-day, and in its details the Christmas season we are now entering contrasts as strongly as the skates with those of your childhood. The apples your mother gave her children didn't cost fifteen cents a pound, and the turkey wasn't considered a turkey at all unless he was what we now would call an "outsized" bird. But the spirit

of Christmas comes down unchanged. It lived then, lives now, will live forever. Year by year it comes into our hearts again, and, however we may have strived to repress it during the war years, surely we may and should give it full sway again, and give ourselves with whole hearts and untroubled minds to the magnificently joyous tasks of making the children understand and appreciate it and of expressing it in our relations with our fellowmen and women.

A higher appreciation of Christmas has surely come to us as a result of the war. For five years it seemed the height of folly to say at Christmas, "Peace on earth, good-will to men." What the Master was born nearly two thousand years ago to bring to us seemed during the war farther off than ever. The statesmen of the world have tried to bring out of the war an era of perpetual peace so far at least as relates to the armed clash of great nations. Is it a hopeless task? If it is, then Calvary was in vain! Perhaps the world, with its heart still filled with hate and suspicion and anger, with only glimmerings of a happier time when prejudice shall cease to be and all men will be fellows, is still unready. Yet there has been born a hatred and a contempt for war in the hearts of all mankind, that must eventually clear the way for understanding, and, when understanding comes, good-will must surely follow. To all who have eyes to see, Christmas must surely bring a renewed faith in the ultimate triumph of humanity over the fears and troubles of the present. It must bring, too, a more deep and heartfelt happiness at the mere fact of Christmas.

The Christmas that is real is the day and season that make the eyes of little children shine with happiness. The sensitiveness of a child is not a matter of the brain but of the heart, and the heart feels, though the brain may not understand, the slightest lack of harmony with the Yuletide season in the adults to whom it looks for guidance. The wonderfulness of Christmas looks out of its eyes only when all hearts are truly in accord with all that the day stands for. They can be so attuned only when there is entire forgetfulness of self and devotion to the efforts to give pleasure to others.

The Christmas of Peace, with all it means, should be a real Christmas. Let's make it so!

The Regina Cartage Co., Limited



Wishes everybody in Regina

A Merry Christmas

- and -

A Happy and Prosperous New Year

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ONE of the great events of the year in Regina and throughout Canada was the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The young heir to the throne of Great Britain had become known to the people of the world as an officer of the British Army who shirked no duty, responsibility or danger attaching to his rank as an officer, but who thoroughly detested and ran away from any special consideration that anyone considered due his rank as the Heir Apparent. But as an army officer his personality was obscured, and the people really learned little about him until his return from the war. When his Canadian tour started it was a succession of triumphs from Halifax to Vancouver and back again. Like every other city in Canada, Regina just simply fell in love with him under the spell of a charming personality. His three days here were too brief to enable the people to get to know him as intimately as they wished, but they made the most of the opportunity, and their verdict was clearly apparent when, as the time of his departure approached, an immense crowd packed the approaches to the Union Station and gave cheer after cheer as he said "Au revoir." In the United States, too, he captured all hearts, and staid jurists and journalists declared in their fervor that his visit had done more to cement the Anglo-American alliance in friendship than anything that had ever occurred before. New York, indeed, went wild over him, and feted and cheered him in a vociferous welcome that has been accorded no other visitor to that city. The Prince purchased a ranch in Alberta, adjoining Mr. George Lane's Bar-U ranch, during his visit there, and declared to friends his intention of visiting it regularly in the future. It is no secret that his own intention is to visit his Canadian home again next year—and the Prince has a will of his own.

Ap-pi-no-kom-mit

NOTE.—This classical tale of warfare among the Indian tribes of the Prairies was related many years ago to the late Frank Wyman Spicer, by Little Bear of the Blackfoot tribe. This thrilling story of blood-shed, heroism and pathos is to be found in the archives of the Province of Saskatchewan, and the Editor of this Christmas magazine is indebted to Premier Martin for his kind permission to use it for the first time.—Editor.

INTRODUCTION



LITTLE BEAR was cousin to the subject of this sketch and as he was of the same age and generally accompanied him on all his trips I considered him the best person to give me an outline of the history of a really remarkable young man, who though killed at the age of 30 years is still spoken of as one of the wisest councillors the nation of the Blackfoot ever knew. At 15 years he conducted a successful War Party of boys of his own age, thereby bringing down on his head the maledictions of the older heads of the nation, who called him a crazy head. At 20 he had every young man in the three confederated tribes at his heels when there was anything to do in the War Party line, and had for his enemy every middle aged warrior who aspired to the leadership of parties going to wars, for the young men clamored for Ap-pi-no-kom-mit. At 25 he was recognized as the ablest and most successful leader in the three nations, and at 30 he was chosen by the two most northern tribes, as their ambassador to make a treaty of peace with the Pelgans, with whom there had been a rupture for some months; this placed him in such a responsible position that it was plain

that all at last considered him a leader not only in war, but a master in diplomacy. Unfortunately this was to be the end of his life, for he was assassinated by a young Buck during the feasting that occurred after the treaty of peace had been concluded that has lasted until this day. His name still lives among the old people, and his deeds form the theme of many a story.

One of the stories told me by Little Bear I shall try to reproduce here as nearly as I can in his own words, as it will serve as an illustration of Indian life and methods, and also, I hope, prove interesting to the reader on account of the incidents it records. If it is not so, blame me and not Little Bear, for his story was well and graphically told. But I feel sure that the work of translating and editing is more than I have a right to undertake, with all of my failings and inexperience. I claim nothing for myself but your patience; if the story please you, give the credit to Little Bear.

* * *

YOU wish me to tell you of Ap-pi-no-kom-mit tonight. He was my cousin, and I loved him more than I did my brother, and he loved me the same. Once many winters

ago, before the white men came to us, all of our nation were camped on the Red Deer for the winter, for as you know, the buffalo would go there for the winter, as the grass was good, and we used to follow them.

"One day Ap-pi-no-kom-mit was missing from camp; we thought nothing of that for that was his habit; he came and went as he liked and no one spoke, for he never told where he was going, or when he was coming, he being a man who spoke but little, but who seemed to think much. After many days my brother told me he had returned, and wished to see me at the antelope butte.

"I went to him. His face was burned by the winds. He had gone far. I saw war in his face, I who loved him, and my heart was glad. He told me how he had gone for three days down the great river, from the place where the Red Deer passes into it, and there found a camp of 25 lodges of our enemies. He had watched them till the sun had gone down, then as it had begun to snow, he had come back, for fear they might see his trail in the snow. He would have liked to have watched them one more day to see if others were near for it was foolish for so small a

camp to be alone, but the snow made him come away.

"We start tonight," he said. "I want 300 young men to meet me at the Lone Tree crossing as soon as the moon rises. Tell them that, and no more, except that they come not near me today, as if they do, the chiefs will guess what we are going to do and forbid us to go."

"I did as I was told, and as moon rose at the middle of the night, 300 young men met at the great Lone Tree in silence, coming one by one out of the darkness, for no one knew that any but himself was called to the place of meeting, but when they looked on the faces of those around them their faces shone with joy, their hearts were glad, for they saw there was much to do. When all were there, silently, we followed our leader to the very heart of the nearby forest, and there by the many camp fires could be heard low whispering voices in prayer to the Great Spirit, asking his aid; or when this was done the low voice of each as he told the others, of every sin both great and small, so that if he should fall, no man could say when his deeds were told at the Great Medicine Lodge that any darker deed or one of shame, had been hidden in his heart, to mar the glory of a brave man's death; who would die facing his foes, his war cry and name, the last brave words he uttered.

"All day long till night, they lay in the

LITTLE BEAR'S STORY

"White man, you understand our language and can read our hearts better than most of your race. You have proved to us that you are our friend, and so we are not ashamed to uncover our hearts to you, and we see that you understand, and are glad for we wish that all your race understood us and then all of us could be friends. An Indian has pride; and if he sees that he is not understood, or is treated as a child, his heart becomes sad, and he hides the things that are in his heart. But when I come to your house I see in your face that you are glad and as I smoke your tobacco in friendship I feel my heart open, and I am glad to have you look into it, as you would into a stream of clear water, and see all that is in it, all the way to the bottom, for I know you will see nothing but good there will see that I love my own people best, but that I love the great mother, the God that the black robes tell us about, and all the whites; if they will let me so long as they tell the truth and are kind to us, who are as but little children when we come to try and do as the white men do, now that the buffalo are gone to the 'Sand Hills'.

timber, then all night long, trot, trot, without ceasing till morning light warned them to again seek the shelter of some wood, and so on for five nights and days. The sixth night the journey was short, and he bade us sleep till he called us. 'Twas little though we slept. Just before the dawn he came among us and bade us put out the fires and eat. 'Eat much,' he said, 'for some may not eat again.' The snow was deep, half way to our knees. The morning bright and cold. The sun was shining brightly, before we began our onward march.

"He led us through timber and low ground to near their camp. We could hear the dogs barking, horses neighing, children laughing, and I think I never heard so many women singing, or the axes ring so loud as I did that morning of a day not soon forgot. But we were not listening to sounds that make the heart glad; we were busy. The fire of war was in our hearts, and in haste we stripped off all our clothes but our breech cloth and our moccasins, making a great pile of them, and my young brother was placed in charge of them, which saddened his heart, for he was anxious to go with us, but our leader said it was great enough for one so young to be one of a war party of such great renown as this would be. So we bade him a smiling good-bye. I never saw him again, nor do I know his fate.

(Continued on Page 25)



*Greetings from
Lieut. Governor Sir Richard Lake, K.C.M.G.*

Government House,
Regina, Sask.

CHRISTMAS, 1919, finds the most sanguinary and devastating war of all time at an end. While civil war, strife, and unrest still exist in some parts of the world and may continue for some time, peace has been restored between the great nations so lately at grips in a life and death struggle. In our own favored country, with the gallant men who so gloriously upheld the name of Canada, restored to us, we can again join with all our hearts in the general rejoicings and happiness of Christmas.

The old message that we shall receive this Christmas Day of Peace upon Earth, has a stronger and more real meaning after its predecessors upon which war has reigned supreme. If we are to avail ourselves of it to the full we shall endeavor in whatever walk of life we tread to be more tolerant and more kindly disposed to each other, both as individuals and as groups. And if by the help of the Christmas spirit and Christmas surroundings we can come closer together and unite harmoniously in combined effort for the good of our common country and of all our fellow country men, we can look forward with confidence through the joy of Christmas to a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

R. S. LAKE,
Lieut.-Governor.

The Story of a Pioneer

By
Jack Fairley

PROBABLY no other man is as closely identified with the growth of Regina and its remarkable progress from a straggling cluster of huts to a thriving, prosperous city than is Mr. R. H. Williams, president of the company that bears his name. He arrived here before the C.P.R. tracks were laid in the district, worked at whatever his hands found to do and as the city grew he developed with it. Today he is head, financially and otherwise, of a mercantile establishment capitalized at one million dollars and his first sale in the country was lemonade over the tailboard of a Red River ox cart, the vehicle that conveyed him across the prairies, to Indians at a celebration at Fort Qu'Appelle away back in 1882.

From the time of his arrival in Regina, and that was before the city had a name, he has been so linked up with every important undertaking that he has become part and parcel of the city and his name and that of his firm is known from one end of Saskatchewan to the other.

Three times he has been elected mayor by acclamation, and he has occupied the mayor's chair four years. And during his residence in the city he has been in and out of the council for twenty-five years. He raised the money and built the first sidewalk that this city ever had. That was long before a mayor or a council was even dreamed of. Years after, or in 1891, when he became mayor, his first act was to build a sewer. For in those days the site of the present city was dotted with ponds; there was no drainage and the combination was not conducive to the best health for a town that was growing like a weed. The result of his effort was the construction of the trunk sewer on the south side that stretched from Broad Street to McIntyre on Twelfth Avenue, south on McIntyre to what is now Wascana Park and then angling west to the creek. That sewer is still doing business as part of the present system. Regina had a population then of about 2,000. From that time on till 1909 Mr. Williams was in and out of the city council returning to the mayor's chair in 1909 when he defeated Dr. W. A. Thomson and was returned again by acclamation the following year. Now he is chairman of the board of governors of the Regina General Hospital.

After his election as mayor in 1909 Mr. Williams worked hard for the subways under the C.P.R. tracks that now connect the city north and south at Albert Street and Broad. And strenuous opposition developed to both schemes. The Albert Street subway was completed during his term of office and the sanction of the railway commission was secured for the Broad Street one, estimates prepared and everything left in readiness for the incoming council to press ahead with the work.

In December, 1909, Mr. Williams gave a banquet at the Wascana hotel when more than one hundred of the prominent citizens of the city and district heard him announce that he was out to secure a street railway for Regina and would not be happy till he got it. And while he was chief magistrate the work was started and the principal routes were outlined. Then as member of the city council he was instrumental in securing for the city such small conveniences as electric light and waterworks. A lit-

tle later on the first water system this fair city boasted of will be dealt with. And again Mr. Williams will be prominently mentioned as owner. The system was smashed beyond repair when an Indian pony ran away, but it is another story and must wait its turn.

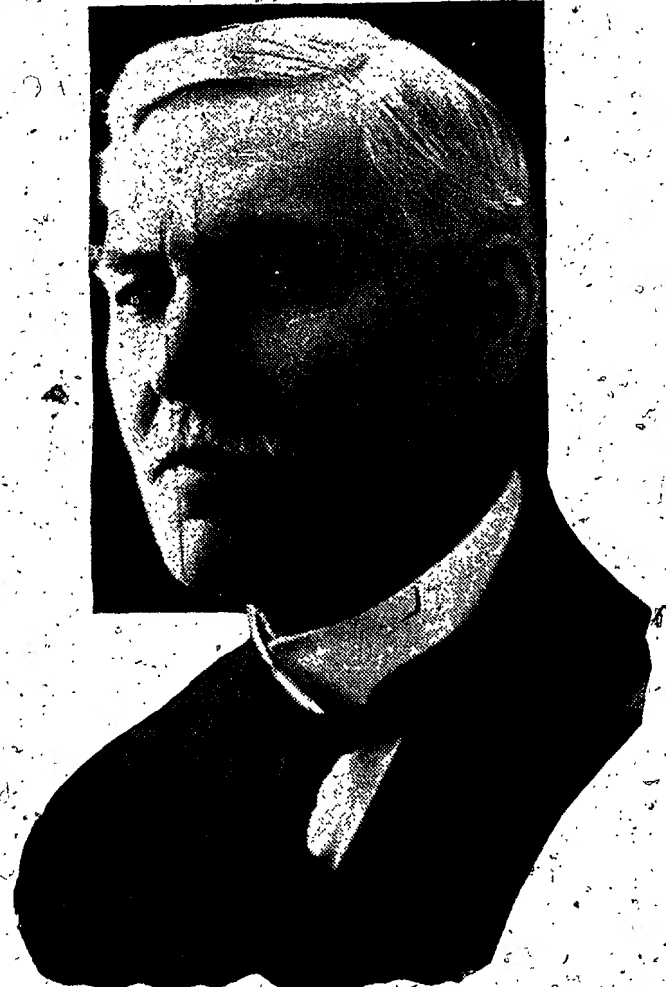
The story of the life of R. H. Williams reads like a page torn from a book of fiction. Starting right at the beginning he was born in the city of Toronto in 1852. Three years after that interesting event his father followed the old Northern Railway and finally homesteaded on two hundred acres of land in Simcoe County, the two hundred acres by accident or design of Providence being almost altogether covered by timber. When he was six years old the mother died and he remained on the little farm until he became of age. Of course he went to school and it follows that the school was a little one roomed affair that stood on the side of the road in the township of Mattawasaga. For recreation he helped clear the timber off the none-too-productive land. He learned how to handle horses, to cut and yard logs and he gained a fair insight into the lumber business, a training that was to stand him in good stead in later years when he played the game in the new western country.

When the hero of this story reached voting age he entered into life partnership with Mary Susan Reid. And Mrs. Williams has proved a most able partner, sharing the toil and hardships of pioneer days as well as sharing in the prosperity that came after years of effort. Then he had to hustle. Feeling even then the desire to sell he took out an agency for apple trees, keeping the wolf away for more than a year in so doing. While peddling the foundation for the fruit industry in Ontario Mr. Williams had the town of Creemore as headquarters.

But times were hard. People were leaving Ontario by the thousand. The vast majority were entering the republic to the south, while a few of the more adventurous were looking to the great unknown West. And being of the adventurous kind it was West that Mr. Williams decided to go. With him to decide was also to act and in following up the decision he arrived in St. Boniface on April 1, 1881. The railway had not entered Winnipeg at that stage in its history but Mr. Williams did, crossing the ice on the Red River in an all too shaky democrat wagon.

For a solid year he worked in Winnipeg at carpentering or anything that was doing. At the end of that period he had saved some money and joined a party bound for the prairie country. His contribution to the outfit was a Red River cart that cost \$29, a big red ox that set him back \$100 and a harness for the ox that cost \$9. In addition he secured a general supply of provisions. In June, 1882, the party left Winnipeg. Mrs. Williams and three young children remained behind. The outfit was shipped by rail as far as Flat Creek, the western terminus of the C.P.R. at that period, after the red ox had put up a terrific battle against entering a box car. Arrived in Flat Creek the country was found to be mostly under water, but an extra \$40 persuaded the train crew that it would not be too much trouble to carry the whole outfit a few miles

THE MAN



During the thirty-seven years Mr. Williams has been in Regina he has never broken a social or business engagement. He has always made it a point to be punctual and expects others to be the same. In other words, a promise is a promise with him and he never breaks one.

further west to the actual end of the steel.

They were finally unloaded, over a twelve foot embankment, a debarkation that the red ox absolutely refused until he was blindfolded with bags and considerable pressure was brought to bear from behind. Then they were off on the last lap. The ox was hitched to the Red River cart wearing the nine dollar harness, and R.H. was in the driver's seat. They steered a westerly course following as closely as possible the old Hudson Bay trail and heading for Qu'Appelle, the popular port for prairie schooners. And they arrived at the end of their journey without encountering anything more exciting than a few bands of Indians. They found the West, the land of adventure and romance, the land of the Indian and the buffalo, and the land of wealth for those with courage, faith and ability to win it.

Two days after the arrival at the Fort came Dominion Day and the Indians of the entire district had been summoned by the Hudson Bay factors to celebrate. The pioneer party had about two-thirds of a box of lemons left over and Mr. Williams conceived the idea of selling lemon-

ade to the tribesmen. After securing permission from the law, the N.W.M.P.—that was before royal was the lead-off name—and the Hudson Bay, the future Regina merchant went across the valley to the fort, a cluster of log huts, rigged up the tailboard of the cart as a counter and dispensed lemonade at 25 cents a drink. When the lemons were gone he had \$43 in his jeans and every Indian and breed that could get within hailing distance had his first lemonade under his blanket.

A few days later Mr. Williams again took the road and seated in his little red cart and hauled by his big red ox went a homesteading. He located at what is now Balcarres, where he put up a rough hut for himself and a better one for the ox. That completed, he cut some hay for the horned beast and leaving him to eat his head off, set out for Regina, or what is Regina now. From here he returned to Winnipeg to visit the family pack the household effects and returned in mass formation to the prairies. Regina was named Regina on the day the family arrived. That ceremony, safely accomplished, though Mr. Williams had nothing to

(Continued on Page 16)



Message from Premier Martin

I HAVE been asked for a Christmas Message and there is none I can give so appropriate as the first Christmas Message of Peace upon earth and good will to men. These are times of anxiety and unrest which demand the sanest thought and the most earnest endeavor of every citizen; and which require above all a charity of judgment and of action if we are to avoid wasteful and wounding strife when mutual understanding and co-operation are so urgently required in every walk of life.

Saskatchewan faces the New Year hopefully and cheerfully. Portions of our Province have had their hopes deferred through abnormal and unseasonable weather conditions, but the fine and generous spirit shown in more favored parts of the Province have done much towards helping them to tide over a trying time, and with the perennial hopefulness of the West we trust that the coming year will more than make up for the disappointments of 1919.

W. M. MARTIN,
Premier of Saskatchewan.

Greetings from the Churches



His Lordship the Bishop of Qu'Appelle

ONCE again Christendom celebrates the great Festival of the Nativity of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, the appearance of God in the flesh upon earth.

It would be difficult, perhaps, to discover the exact time when Christmas was first observed in the Christian Church, yet there can be no doubt but that it was very early received in all parts of the known world where believers were to be found, and also that at this time the great and blessed facts that preceded the birth of the Son of God were commemorated with the Nativity. The mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God is rightly observed at the Festival of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary on March 25, but the importance attached by Christians in all times and places to this great fact lead them on to observe the Nativity of the Saviour with due solemnity.

In early Christian times the prophecies found in the Old Testament scriptures helped immeasurably in

preparing the way for the reception of the Christian verities, in creating in the minds and hearts of men that faith and worship which was soon to become associated with the religious services that mark the Christmas Season and days. A like faith surely today is answerable for the position Christmas holds in the world of men. To the Sons of Men Bethlehem is the meeting place of heaven and earth, of God and man. On each succeeding Christmas Day we again listen attentively and reverently to the angel's message, "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, for unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour who is Christ the Lord," and extend to one another the shepherd's invitation, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this wonderful thing that has come to pass."

The happenings that surround the first Christmas Day, the message of the angel, the invitation of the shepherds, the appearance of the guiding star, the journey and worship of the

Eastern Sages, the flight into Egypt, have all appealed to succeeding generations of Christians while the significance and value of each fact has been fully realized by men possessing Christian Faith, and joining in the worship of Him who is the Hope of the Nations, the Saviour of the World, and the Eternal Son of God revealed in the flesh. One of the favorite titles given the Incarnate Saviour appeals to Christians today with compelling force—to the "Prince of Peace" we turn our longing eyes after war and strife, and echo again and again the message of the first Christmas Day, "Peace on earth to men of good will."

This Christmas Christendom will pray more earnestly than ever to the God of Peace to bestow His gifts of peace on the sons of men, and cause them to abound more and more in those things that make for peace and good will among men on earth.

McADAM HARDING

Bishop of Qu'Appelle

Regina, December, 1919.

Today is the beautiful feast of Christmas, which recalls to our mind the birth of the Child Jesus. It is the greatest of all mysteries. It is also the greatest feast of the year. This birth has rejoiced the heart of humanity for nineteen centuries; for nineteen centuries the human race has contemplated that Infant God, has honored Him in its poetry and its eloquence has made it the subject of its works of art.

All of us should on this day unite ourselves to the angels and say:—"Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good-will."

In the first place, Glory to God the Master and Lord of all. Let us desire that "His kingdom come" throughout the whole world.

Let us add with the angels, "Peace on earth to men of good-will." May this peace of ours, with ourselves by the accomplishment of our duties; with those who surround us, by the practice of Charity, with God by submission to His Holy Will.



Rev. Arthur S. Lewis

To the Citizens of Regina:

THE message of Christmas is the message of peace and good will. But these are not passive qualities.

They serve no purpose whatever in the soul of a recluse. "To have surrendered to an imperative self-denial brings a peace which self-seeking never brought." The soldier who wrote these words was right, as collective experience so abundantly proves. Love in action, readiness to serve; joy in the success of others, the will for good, these are the essential factors of God's Christmas gifts. At this season if we can incorporate these qualities into our individual civic, national life, we shall carry the real spirit of Christmas all through the year, and we shall be measurably nearer the time when

"Love and not hate must come to birth
Christ and not Cain must rule the earth."

ARTHUR S. LEWIS,
Pastor, First Baptist Church.



Rev. R. Milliken, D.D.

IT was no easy matter, during the past four or five years, for sensitive and thoughtful Christian men and women to repeat the Christmas message of universal peace and good-will toward men, and to believe in their hearts that it was not only a beautiful ideal, but an actual possibility to be realized here and now.

Force and violence occupied the centre of the world's stage, brutal, blood-thirsty, barbaric, selfish force—and the nations of the world, locked in deadly embrace seemed far removed from anything like the softening and restraining influences of a Christian civilization or the purifying and elevating and ennobling qualities of Christian idealism.

But all this has passed away. The nightmare is gone. And the song of the angels ought to come to us at this time with a new depth of conviction and appeal. For it is not only that we have peace—heart-satisfying and heart-strengthening peace—but out of all the strain and suffering—the turbulence and the trouble—has come a new vision, a new understanding of the greatness, the importance of the spiritual forces of life; an abiding guarantee that the Christmas prophecy is not simply a pleasing dream, existing only in the imagination of the race, but is a divine purpose that will one day become a positive reality.

ROBERT MILLIKEN.

Metropolitan Church.



Mgr. Mathieu, C.M.G.

May the Infant Jesus bless our dear and beautiful country and cause order, justice and charity to reign therein.

May He bless the entire world where only He can assure the benefit of a lasting peace and cordial union among nations.

O. E. MATHIEU,
Archbishop of Regina

THE beautiful Christmas season returns with its ever welcome message. It tells of a renewing life and a creative love. It speaks to the nation, weary and exhausted, to give thanks for peace restored:

"O hush the noise ye men of strife
And hear the angels sing."

It speaks to the community and says we must ever be mindful of the stranger in our midst lest in our eagerness for our own social welfare we leave the Christ out in the cold. What a reception we gave the Prince of Wales recently! But Jerusalem is not alone in its failure to welcome the Prince of Peace when He appears. They laid Him in a manger for there was no room for Him in the inn. It speaks to the home and says it is the one earthly institution that is likest heaven. What makes it so if it be not the love of man and woman and mayhap the voice of little children? There is a special note of tenderness in its message to the home bereft. It tells of God's great gift by way of a Child and of a Father's sacrifice by way of "an only son."

The nation and its high statesmen, the community with its public-spirited citizens, the home with its human circle all find their hope for future betterment in the message of this season. Like the wise men from the East, like the shepherds from the plains and the devout worshippers from the sanctuary, they all meet in



Rev. Murdoch MacKinnon, D.D.

the presence of the Mother and Babe. He remains the centre around which the aspiration and hope of our modern world radiate. And when they came into the house they saw the young child with Mary his mother. May the spirit of the Eternal Child make this a happy Christmas for all.

MURDOCH MACKINNON.

Knox Church, Dec., 1919.

Canada and the War

WRITTEN BY

Brigadier-General J. F. L. Embury
C.B., C.M.G.

In the fall of 1914 General Embury, then ranking as Lieut.-Colonel, was authorized to organize and recruit a unit for overseas which returned home as the Glorious 28th

THE story of the struggle of Montcalm and Wolfe is one of the familiar treasures of Canadian history. And Canada has been involved directly or indirectly in other warlike adventures. The American War of Independence, the glorious story of 1812-1815, the Rebellion of '37, the American Civil War, the Fenian Raids, the Red River and North-west Rebellions and more recently the South African War.

Nevertheless the news of the declaration of war was heard in Canada like the sudden peal of an alarm bell. All was confusion and unpreparedness. The idea of war had never seriously entered the mind of the Canadian people. The warnings of Lord Roberts from England, of Homer Lea from the United States and a host of others had fallen unheeded. Norman Angell and other honest but misguided people had the ear of the public.

Accordingly the gravity of the declaration of war was not realized. The more adventurous spirits hastened to offer their services. The militia man, heretofore looked upon as a "tin soldier" began to loom large as an important person. The government began enrolling soldiers and the telegraph wires were hot with messages and counter messages. The German Fleet was sunk. The Germans were at the gates of Paris and Calais! The wildest rumors gained an easy credence, but the work of enrollment went hurriedly forward and organization did its best to keep pace with enrollment—still in spite of the magnitude of the struggle when the Minister of Militia, Sir Sam Hughes (who envisaged the coming struggle in its true perspective) stated that Canada could send 250,000 or even half-a-million men to the front—to put it mildly—the statement was looked upon as "wild."

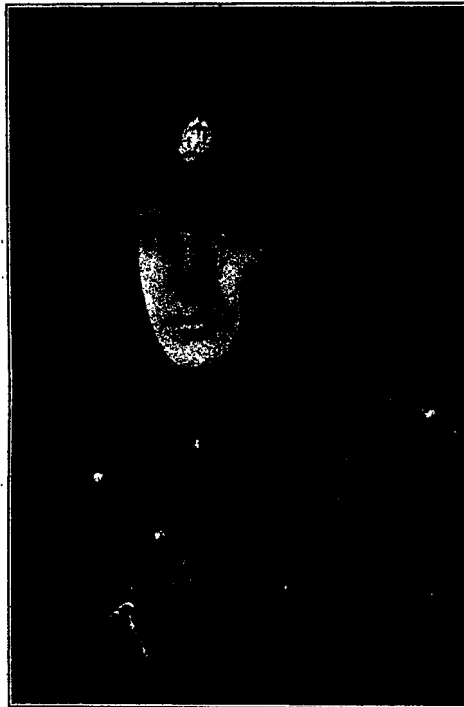
Mingled in the excitement of enrolling 30,000 men was the news of Mons and other disasters.

The assembling and sorting out of the troops at Valcartier was followed by the convoy of Canadian troops overseas. On a certain day the old town of Plymouth from which had sailed Drake and Froisher and Grenville and a host of sea dogs to lay the foundation of England's greatness, was awakened to the sight of a new Armada bringing to her shores as a thank-offering for gallant deeds of old, the sons of England from distant shores, summoned in their hearts to the Gates of the Empire in the hour of England's need. With what hearts did the voyagers approach, with what astonishment and exultation were they welcomed from their long and venturesome journey. The landing in England was followed by distressing days of training on Salisbury Plains. In the following February the gallant old First Division landed at St. Nazaire in France and later on came to grips with the enemy. In the meantime other men were mobilized at home and the foundation laid for the military organization which culminated in the Canadian Corps, under command of Sir Arthur Currie, concerning whom, in the familiarity of citizenship we are apt to forget that he will probably rank as one of the greatest generals that ever spoke the English tongue.

The second Battle of Ypres struck the

country between the eyes. Everywhere throughout the land someone was sorely stricken. At last the grim deadliness of the business in hand was brought home to the people but with what pride in Canada's first fight. These men from overseas knew no more when they were beaten than did the men of the Peninsula, of Waterloo, of Inkerman or of the Mutiny. The news of Festubert and Givenchy followed close on Lord French's tribute that the Canadians had saved the day and stopped the rush to Calais.

After this came the Second Division and almost simultaneously the Third Division to be followed in good time by the Fourth Division and Canada before the Armistice had enrolled about half-a-million men. The



troops settled down to the long trying siege of trench warfare in and about the Ypres salient. There was the fighting at St. Eloi and around Ypres in 1915, Sanctuary Wood and Hooze with the resulting heavy casualties; the great handicaps of the men and the anxieties of those at home. Then came the Somme with its story of glorious achievement with the accompanying toll of casualties and later Vimy Ridge, Hill Twenty and Passchendale.

The winter of 1918 was spent in confident preparation for the great German offensive which was being screechingly foreshadowed by a despondent press. In these days only the courage of the soldier sustained the spirit of the people—the enemy's attack was launched—spent itself—stopped. The beaten attack was followed by a counterstroke far greater than any ever launched in any other war. For this counterstroke—through the wise prescience of the Canadian leaders—the Canadian Corps had been skilfully trained to take a decisive part.

From the eighth of August to the eleventh of November, victory followed victory with bewildering rapidity. The story of the last

one hundred days is one of the most glorious in all English history and in this grand story the Canadian name will be remembered so long as the English tongue is spoken. Her troops formed the "spear-head" of the forward movement, during practically all of this period. We Canadians proudly think that as shock troops the Canadian Corps will bear favorable mention with the Old Guards of Napoleon, with Caesar's Fourth Legion, and last but not least, with the best British Infantry.

After the Armistice—which found the Canadians at Mons where the first British soldier had been killed on the Western Front—came the march to Germany and then demobilization. And now the long struggle is over. The men are at home again, demobilized and setting about their ordinary vocations in a manner not less admirable than that of Cromwell's model army after the Restoration.

True, there are difficulties in assimilating the men into civil life and very great difficulties, but it is a time for patience. There is no doubt about the right spirit of the men. This has already been proven and the people to whom they have returned are firmly seized of one idea that nothing is too good for these men—in reason—and indeed a little out of reason. Still, there are symptoms of unrest, a striving for independent action and the discarding of old alignments—the young Canadian giant is feeling his strength, is realizing his manhood. He will, we think, right soon emerge in triumph, breaking the shackles and stand erect in the full knowledge of his strength and power.

Of one thing we may be sure, the quiet gallant men who saved the nation from being conquered, can be relied upon should the need arise to save the people from anarchy.

And what of the gallant fifty thousand who did not come back?

"They loved as we loved, yet they parted
From all that man's spirit can prize;
Left woman and child broken-hearted
Staring up at the pitiless skies;
Left the tumult of youth, the rich guerdon
Hope promised to conquer from fate;
Gave all for the agonized burden
Of death, for the Flag and the State."

—William Winter.

They live for ever in the hearts of their countrymen.

And in every Canadian capital, Dominion and Provincial, there are to be perpetuated fitting memorials containing the records of the deeds of these men and the others who took part. Not forgetting its own high purpose in taking part in the war, and ever remembering the heroic spirit of sacrifice and the silent yearning for heroic achievement which animated the men, the country is seeing to it that there shall be recorded, not merely the story of the genius for war—for leadership and organization—of the Canadian leaders, but also that there be recorded every last individual act of outstanding gallantry of each man—that the spirit of the men may become the spirit of the Nation.

Perhaps it is not out of place to point a moral. In spite of warnings the British Empire was terribly unprepared, yet by the intervention of Providence she barely escaped from conquest.

Next time—and next time may not be very far distant—above all things let us be ready.

SCENES IN FRANCE

Contributed By

CAPT. F. B. BAGSHAW, M.L.A.



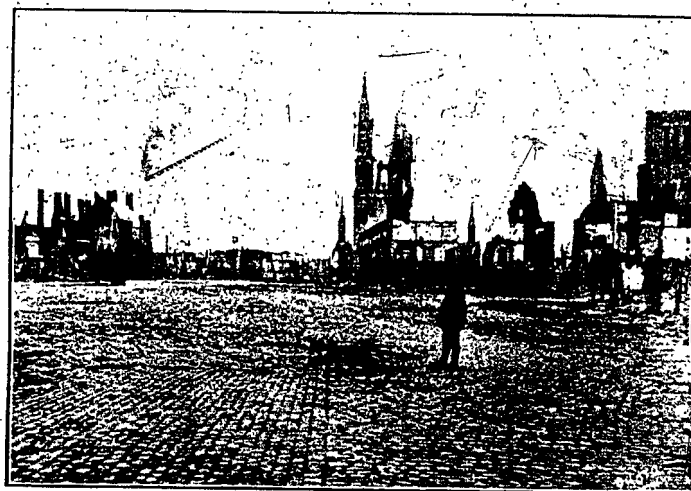
Arras, 1918, from a Kite Balloon



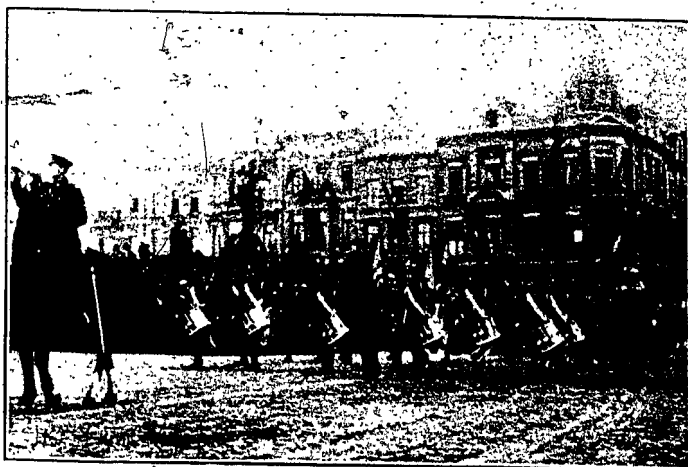
The Great Circus Party of Saskatchewan's Fighting Fifth, France, 1918



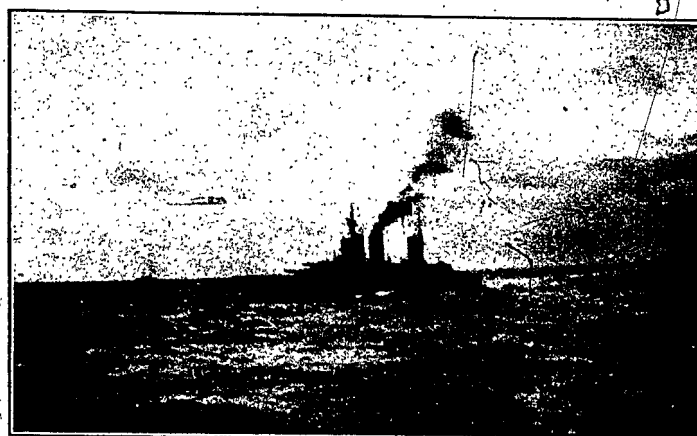
Passchendaele, Nov. 10th, 1918



The Famous Town of Ypres in 1916, Showing Ruins of the Cathedral



The Old First Division in Germany

H.M. BATTLE CRUISER "INFLEXIBLE"
Photographed in October, 1914, While Escorting The First Division Overseas

You may sing of France and her sunny skies,
As a land beyond compare;
You may sing of Old England where honor lies,
Of hills and dales so rare;
You may sing of the land where the shamrock grows,
Of Scotland's mountain and plain,
But ours is the land where the gopher lives,
Mid the fields of golden grain.

From far we've travelled, many a mile,
As sons of the bulldog breed
To win from fortune a tickle smile,
To maintain a nation's creed,
To keep the word of our Mother true,
Her honour free from stain,
But we long for the land where the gopher lives,
Mid the fields of golden grain.

There's a song in the howl of the grey coyote,
In the whirr of the mallard's wing,
There's a call in the honk of the old grey goose
As he sails away north in the spring,
There's a lute in the dance of the prairie grouse,
As he pledges his troth again,
'Tis heard in the land where the gopher lives,
Mid the fields of golden grain.

There's a twang in the air of Golden West,
Be it winter, or summer, or spring,
There's life in the rude North-Westerner's jest,
When he howls like a dandish thing,
There's time for thought 'neath the autumn sky,
When it's blue as the rolling main,
And we love the land where the gopher lives,
Mid the fields of golden grain.

In sunny France and in Flanders fair
They have fallen, many a one,
But they fought the fight for a pledged word,
And we count their task well done,
But on the Qu'Appelle and Saskatchewan,
And the wind-tossed Western Plain
Their souls still live in the Golden West
Mid the fields of golden grain.

—From "Garlands From the Front" by Capt. W. Brown, M.C., 5th Battalion



*We are the dead: short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.*

THERE are some things connected with the war that it will be profitable for us to forget. Everything that prevents the development of the spirit of good-will and brotherhood is in the end an evil and not a good. We want to forget the enmity and the strife insofar as this may enable us to conserve righteousness and peace in future.

But there are some things we cannot forget and that it would be a sin against ourselves to forget. The memory of our "unreturning braves" we shall cherish while life lasts. In remembering them we recall with everlasting gratitude the highest in our nation's life. In speaking of them it is becoming that our words be few. Our immortal dead need no eulogy of ours to enhance their attainments. They died translating ideals into action, and, in the light of that translation, and in the light of the far-reaching consequences of that action, history will accord them their just meed of praise. When the temple of peace shall have been reared in beauty and strength, their names will occupy a high place upon its walls.

It is with hesitancy, therefore, I venture to break the silence of our reverent thoughts regarding them. Would that we could command the delicacy of touch given the poet when he sought the very spirit of nature to be subdued in her notes lest the repose of his beloved should be broken.

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays.
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream."

The men whom we honor, died doing their duty. They heard the call and saw the way clear before them. It was not theirs to calculate whether it would pay or not. It was not theirs to debate whether their career would be long or short. They loved life as the rest of us do, and having considered all the chances, they had the moral power to decide. What higher achievement can any man attain to than this, that having seen his duty—the doing of which might involve the yielding up of life—he did not hesitate? They died with their eyes fronting duty's path. Their loyal souls swung like a needle

Our Unreturning Braves

By REV. MURDOCH MACKINNON, D.D.

to its pole, and in one brief year they attained that which many of us have sought and mayhap have not found.

These men have shown that courage and endurance are developed in peace. They left the office, the school, work bench and the farm and went forth to meet the organized forces of militarism. The light of this truth is dawning upon the world that the most resourceful and heroic soldier is the one who has developed soldierly qualities while cultivating the arts of peace.

They have shown what the supreme things of life are: Justice, mercy and faith; honor, truth and freedom. Man will die only for that which has reality in it. The light of their youthful ideals exposes many a hollow quest in our modern life, and their noble endurance frowns upon our love of comfort and of ease. They have made it more difficult for selfishness to flourish, and more necessary for mischief to assume the pose of virtue. How shameful and dishonoring it is to witness the activities of those who today would capitalize a world tragedy to improve their worldly status.

Our power of resentment in the face of these things has been augmented and intensified by their noble emprise, and the spirit

Rev. Murdoch MacKinnon

Whose beautiful tribute to our dead heroes appears on this page, has added but another chapter to a career whose scholarly attainments rank only second to his upstanding principles which he so fearlessly maintains.—Editor.

that seeks to free our future civilization from the blight of acquisitiveness has been stimulated into renewed activity by the abandon and simplicity of their sacrifice. They loved life, but they loved honor more. They loved life, but they loved freedom more than life. They have taught the world afresh that life is not an end, but a medium through which men attain to honor and truth. There is no necessity that a man should live, but there is a moral obligation that a man should live worthily and die nobly. This distinction has been brought into relief by the men whom we honor, and by the manner of their going.

He who dies for liberty truly lives. He lives in the affections of a grateful people whose homes and firesides he has successfully defended. He lives in the new movements to which his sacrifice has added impetus, and in the ideals which he has enriched and entrusted to his successors. He lives in the institutions in which the spirit of liberty enshrines itself, and through which the generations yet unborn may attain to a richer and worthier life. He lives in the spiritual framework of his country's life and in the heightened civilization which his self-surrender has made possible. He lives in the people's power of appreciation of service, and in their growing recognition of the redeeming quality of sacrifice. He lives in the art which his chivalry shall create and in the

literature which the records of his heroic deeds shall inspire.

In the shell-churned soil of Europe the tree of liberty shall flourish. Its roots have been nourished by our best blood and the shade of its branches and the shimmer of its leaves shall continue to speak to us of the dear lads who gave their all that others might live. Their sacrifice was the price which must be paid that our country might be awakened from its sleep of false security. While many hearts are sore, we are proud to think that "they faced the foe and did not flee," and that their service has already been recognized as a determining factor in the decisive battles of the war. "The Canadians saved the day!" The phrase is historic. Had the Canadians failed at the critical moment, who can now say that the subsequent course of the war would not have been different and the issue settled to our permanent disadvantage?

These brave lads have added lustre to the name of Canada. The country that produces men like these, with a vision of duty, whose perspective reaches beyond their own borders, and with a sense of moral obligation that prefers to die in a noble cause than to live in the shame of solitude and isolation, is a country of which Europe and the world is taking cognizance. A country is judged by the type of man it produces, and Canada will be studied in the light of the qualities illustrated in the nobles of her sons. A new standard has been set, and the future years will show how far we have proved worthy of those who died for freedom in the name of Canada.

The place our representatives occupied at the Peace Conference they owed to the men who have died. Britain will wisely and calmly face the questions arising out of the fact of Canada's voluntary participation in the European conflict, and, in friendly conference with her growing daughters, consider the best means of expressing, in terms of imperial relationship, the new status thus created.

Our citizenship has been enhanced. Our freedom has been enlarged. Our horizon has been widened. Our place has been acknowledged. How and when the constitutional changes will reflect the changed relationship is of secondary importance so long as the real change is already effected. This remarkable step has been taken not as a result of the deliberations of statesmen, but as the result of the sacrifice of noble lives.

Our hope for a new earth is based upon the achievements of those who can die for a great cause. No sacrifice shall finally be without its reward. The world cannot be the same again. The full result of our sowing it will take the nations years to reap. But already a new heaven has been won for us. We had our mediaeval conceptions of a place where men and women of maturity and over-seriousness found endless scope for contemplation. But heaven has become the rendezvous of the youth of all lands. They suddenly emerged out of the heat and stress of warfare into the joy and freedom of the heavenly land.

Oh, if the sonless mothers weeping,
The widowed girls, could look inside
The country that hath them in keeping,
Who went to the Great War and died,
They would rise and put their mourning off
And say: "Thank God he has enough."

Golf in Regina

BY
C. J. MILLIGAN, Master of Titles for Saskatchewan

GOLF has been variously described as a game, a study in psychology, a mixed test of temper and temperament, a disease and even as a crime. It is easier to tell what it is not than what it is. "It aint like baseball," said Mr. Hennessy, in F. P. Dynne's satire on Golf, "an' it aint like shinny, an' it aint like lawn tennis, an' it aint like forty-fives—an' it aint like canvas back duck or any other game ye know," said Mr. Dooly. Golf enthusiasts, and their number is legion, modestly claim it is simply the most fascinating outdoor game known to humanity, the only game which can be played with equal pleasure, by both sexes from infancy to senility—not admitting, of course, that a golf enthusiast has, regardless of his years, entered the latter stage. While it is a very ancient game—one enthusiast even claiming that the first golf club was made by Adam from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and that the fruit of that tree was golf, hence man's fall from grace—its development and growth in popularity in the last 25 years has been phenomenal. Up to that time, excepting in Scotland, it was a game for the classes rather than the masses—a gentleman's game. It still remains a gentleman's game, but in an entirely different sense, for today not only has golf a more general vogue the world over than, perhaps any other one sport, but the very existence of hundreds of municipal golf courses proves it democracy.

And yet there is no game of which the non-player is so ignorant, even of the fundamental principles. To the uninitiated the spectacle of a man or woman swatting a small white ball into the horizon or digging the same pill out of bunkers or sand traps scattered over the golf course for said players undoing, seems more ludicrous than enticing. And the antique nomenclature associated with the game and its playing, confirms the novice in the belief that it is no game for a full blooded athlete. He can scarcely believe that skill of a high order, and a perfect co-ordination of muscles and nerves is necessary for a good golf player. A well-known Regina golfer last summer was urging such a skeptic to try the game and being met with some disdainful remarks concerning "cow pasture put" and its followers, offered to bet his stuffing friend a dollar that the latter could not even hit the ball teed up. The bet was accepted and the scuffer putting every ounce of muscle he possessed into the stroke endeavored to drive the ball off the top of its sand tee. To his amazement he missed it altogether. As any golfer knows the reason he missed the ball was because of the suggestion of the uncertainty of hitting it injected into his mind by the offer to bet him that he couldn't do a thing which seemed as simple as rolling off the proverbial log. But while it is simple to hit the pill in golf it is by no means so simple as it looks to hit it cleanly and perfectly, without either pull or slice, and the longer one plays the game the more respect he has for its diabolical difficulties and uncertainties and the more respect for the player who can get the best results out of every shot and keep his form from day to day.

Golf entered Regina on the 29th of April, 1899, when Messrs. J. Kelso Hunter, W. H. Rogers and H. G. Green met formally and resolved to form a Golf Club. The first two of these three gentlemen are still active members of the Regina Golf Club, which was the outcome of that resolution. The list of members of the club in that first year of its existence is interesting: J. K. Hunter, W. H. Rogers, H. G. Green, R. S. Barrow, G. A. Ross, F. W. G. Haultain, J. T. Child, Victor Dodd, T. C. Johnstone, G. Motion, Gilpin Brown, Wm. Trant, John A. Kery, Norman McKenzie, C. H. C. Greentree, J. A. Whitmore, Geo. W. Brown, C. W. Peters, Dr. R. B. Cotton, C. W. Peterson, Sheriff Benson and Z. M. Hamilton. What memories and recollections these names will furnish to the old timers who are still among us! Chief Justice Haultain has modestly disclaimed the honor of being one of the charter members of the Regina Golf Club, but as Premier of the Northwest Territories he was probably included in the list as an honor to himself and the club, for the old minute book shows he was elected the first president of the club, the other officers being Lieut.-Gov. Forget, Hon. Pres.; H. G. Green, Esq., Captain, and J. Kelso Hunter, Esq., Sec.-Treasurer. The original by-laws provided membership for ladies, but apparently at the outset none took advantage of the privilege. A golf course was laid out on the N.E. ¼ of Sec. 13, Tp 17, Rge. 20, W. 2nd M., on ground belonging to the North-west Land Co. on what is now Leopold Crescent, permission having been obtained through Mr. G. T. Marsh, the company's agent, from the Land Commissioner, Mr. L. A. Hamilton.

The Regina Golf Club, at the outset, rented or borrowed (more likely the latter) a house known as the Sutton house for use as a club house, and it was not until 1907 that the club erected a modern club house on ground kindly loaned them for the purpose by Thomas Watson, Esq., near the present home of Lieut.-Col. Perrett, O.B.E., Principal of the Regina Normal School. The club was gradually crowded out of its golf course by the development of that section of the city, and in 1911 accepted an offer of Col. A. B. Perry, Commissioner of the R.N.W.M.P. to accommodate the club at the Barracks, where in 1912 a golf course was laid out by the club on a portion of the Mounted Police Recreation Grounds, a cottage near the Police Hospital being converted into a club house. From that time the club has grown steadily until it has a present membership of 173 men and 90 ladies, in addition to the officers of the R.N.W.M.P. and their ladies, who are all honorary members. The course has in recent years been extended to a full 18-hole course of over 6000 yards with greens as good as any in Western Canada. From 1906 to date Mr. A. F. Angus, manager of the Regina branch of the Bank of Montreal, has occupied the position of President of the Regina Golf Club, the other officers of the club at present being Lieut.-Gov. Sir R. S. Lake and Commissioner Perry, Hon. Presidents; Assistant Commissioner McGibbon, Hon. Vice Pres.; Jas. Balfour.

(Continued on Page 20)

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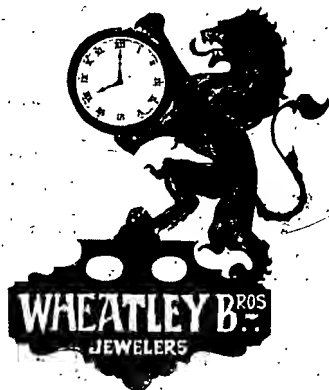
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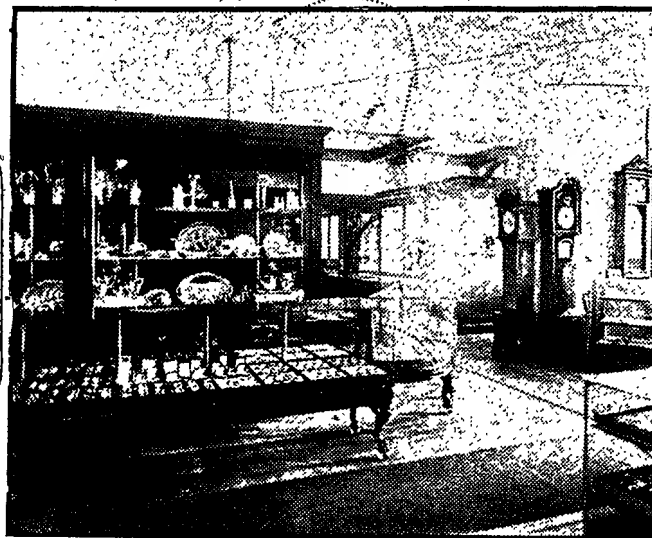
A LITTLE HISTORY BY THE EDITOR

When Scarth Street was yet unpaved—when the City Hall was an old frame building on the corner of Scarth and 11th—when Miller & Froom carried on a furniture and undertaking business—when the Owl was the leading cafe—when a livery stable was where the King's Hotel now stands, and Regina was just beginning to burst out as a full bloom rose—Wheatley Bros. started in a lean-to on the west side of Scarth, about opposite to their present premises. Although the building was a mere shack, they set to work with that knack of artistic ingenuity that has always been manifested in their ability to fit up a store that is attractive and pleasant to do business in. This ability has shown itself from time to time in each of the many advances they have made until now a person cannot step into many stores of its kind anywhere and see an arrangement where such fine taste has been displayed.

The business was a success from the first as their policy was such that confidence was immediately established between them and the public and that confidence is growing as the years go by. Integrity and service have always been foremost in their policy and today they occupy a warm place in the hearts of their patrons.

When asked what he attributed the splendid success of the business to, Mr. A. L. Wheatley remarked (1st) that I spent nearly seven years in learning every phase of the business thoroughly; (2nd) sound business principle; and (3rd) hard work.

Indeed Regina may well be proud of a store such as this, which is a certain evidence that they have every confidence in the city's stability and progressiveness.



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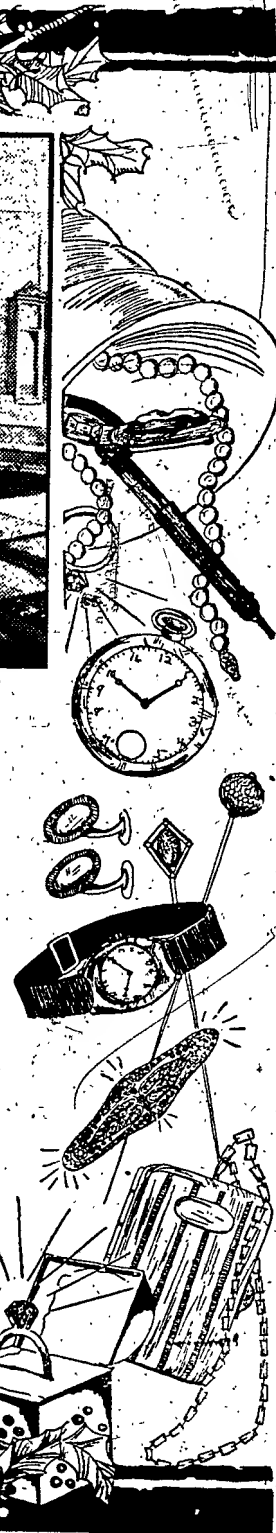
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Great People I Have Nearly Met— and Others

BY

W. C. Bettschen

Mr. W. C. Bettschen, the writer of this article, needs no introduction to the public, for "Bill," as he is known, is largely responsible for the high place that Regina holds in all matters pertaining to sport. For years he has helped foster a clean, manly standard that did much to put Regina in the forefront not only in sport but in the graver national crisis where men performed feats of valour which contributed to the peace we now enjoy.—Editor.

THERE are a great many great people I have nearly met, a greater number of great people I would like to meet and a whole raft of them, whom if I never see again, that will be soon enough. Some people are born great, others acquire greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. The first two classes are the most desirable to nearly meet. It is a downright pleasure to nearly meet one who was born great. By this I mean those who possess some great talent, such as the poet, the musician, the statesman (who are now more rare than black fox), and others, who while resting in their mother's arms in infancy, were destined to be a great power for good in the world.

In checking over the past thirty odd years I am safe in saying that I have nearly met an awful bunch of rare people. The list contains names ranging from Sir Sam Hughes to the Prince of Wales. My near encounter with Sir Sam was very thrilling. It happened in Ottawa last September while I was there for a brief forty-eight hours attending a spasm of the Amateur Union of Canada. Of course, all amateurs, including members of parliament, make it a practice while in the capital to stay at that wonderful hotel near Parliament Hill. One day while puzzling myself how any set of human beings, especially the flag-flapping variety so abundant in Ontario, could set themselves up as being opposed to reinstating returned soldiers, who before going "Over there," had taken a little odd change for their services as players, I stepped into one of the elevators of the great hotel and stood face to face with him whom I recognized as Canada's great warrior politician. The grizzled veteran of many a hard-fought battle on Parliament Hill looked me over carefully and decided I was a Great War Veteran in Ottawa looking for my gratuity. I stood in fear and trembling beneath the gaze of the great man, half expecting he was about to ask in what engagements I had fought. I hated to tell him my wounds had been the result of about 30 years of battle on the banks of Pile o' Bones Creek, Saskatchewan. Just about that time an old gentleman, who appeared to be looking for the Old Man's Home, crept into the

elevator and Sir Sam greeted him as Senator —. That let me out of a most difficult situation. Now, I am entirely opposed to the abolition of the Senate.

When the Prince of Wales smiled his way clear into the hearts of the people of Regina last October, I had another hair-breadth escape. I had no desire to sell the Heir-Apparent a twenty-pay life policy or a piece of Regina real estate. I simply wanted to see if the boy was as good looking as his advance agents claimed him to be. I wanted to see the smile that wouldn't come off. Being neither a member of Parliament, a judge, or a mayor, but just one of the curb-stone patriots, I was again doomed to disappointment. The postman left only the water and electric light bill on the door-step. I spent hours afterward reading the lists of also-rans.

Another time I nearly met Jan Kubelik, the wonderful Bohemian fiddler. Jan is more bashful than any beauty of the harem. He never wants to be seen, but simply heard. After his magnificent concert in the Regina city hall on November 17, 1911, an assortment of music lovers who had been cast under the spell of his genius tarried in the rotunda to see the dark-eyed, girlish-looking man as he would pass out. After a long wait one of the "assortment" peeked in to see what Jan and his manager could be doing. There wasn't a soul left in the hall. The young Paganinni had escaped through our midst disguised as a young lady, so we were informed. That time I nearly met a musical genius.

In Chicago a little over two years ago, I sat in a vast arena, with 15,000 other unknown quantities, and heard the Rev. Billy Sunday tell the inhabitants of the Windy City all about the machinations of his Satanic Majesty. The ex-baseball player stood up and opened his meeting with the following remarks: "Right at the kick-off, I want to say there are a whole lot of people who don't like my style of preaching. Now, a lot of you people here come out of curiosity. If any one of you don't like my style or what I say, you can get to He—out of here." I had nearly met the great evangelist.

It is really remarkable the number of great people a lot of we people never meet. Our acquaintance is more or less limited. We know the merchant who sold us that shoddy suit of clothes for an exorbitant figure, after vowing it was all wool and a yard wide. We know the postman extremely well. The butcher's delivery man is on speaking terms, likewise the ice-man in season. The neighbor's children, dogs and chickens are as friendly as can be. What's ours is theirs. It is a most Utopian state of affairs. Every

four or five years our member of parliament is seized with a mad desire to shake our hand, only to go stone blind and as deaf as a mummy until the next great issue is at stake. This business of not meeting all these great people lets us out of a lot of worry. Some of the near-great men must be sick with the thought that they may accidentally call the Prince "Your Royal Baking Powder," or the Duke "Your Reverence." Being a plain guy, has its advantages but the next time the invitation to sit among the cut flowers and smile at the Prince doesn't come, we'll be sittin' by the k-k-k-kitchen door.

It would be a most interesting task to sit down and prepare a list of humans who have had greatness thrust upon them. Such a list would fill a good-sized volume and would cover everything from the conceited little shrimp in some government office who had wormed his way into the bosom of some cabinet minister, to the useless politician whose country exists in order that he may be a member of parliament. That order of things will pass away in a few years. We are now delighted to meet a farmer. There are some great men among the agricultural class. A few years ago our parliaments were filled with doctors, lawyers, manufacturers, with a very small flavoring of farmers. The farmer was looked upon as a hayseed—a man with dirty boots who associated with cows and hogs. Now it is being realized that the farmer is the real producer and that agriculture is the basic industry of the country. The hayseeds are stepping out and by next season will be hitting a 2.10 gait. They are the people we are really pleased to meet. They are not having greatness thrust upon themselves. They are simply exercising the power of the ballot which has been in their hands for many years. The man who works and gives service is at last coming into his own. He is the man who will reduce the cost of living. He is one of the real men we like to meet, but best of all—isn't it a pleasure to meet a young fellow who can take a real good licking on the field of sport, and like it? I'd rather associate with a good, clean living young fellow who provides some manly sport for the thousands to watch, than meet all the belted earls in old England. The record of our Western sportsmen in the Great War is one of the greatest encouragements to go ahead and work in the interests of sport. The public is well aware what they did and the way all our games are patronized nowadays is proof of a greater interest. Regina boys captured two Western Canada Rugby championships this season. The big fellows have held the Hugo Ross Cup since 1912 and the juniors have defeated Winnipeg quiet easily. Are we not proud? These boys are among the great people we should all strive to meet.

The Story of a Pioneer

(Continued from Page 6)

do with it, he pitched his tent pending the time that lumber would arrive when a real shack could be erected. For, while he had been in Winnipeg he had arranged to act as agent for a lumber company.

The shack was built. It stood between Brad and Osler street on what is now South Railway. The little home was completed in September. He then entered the building business and shortly after his own home was finished built the first Regina hotel, called the Commercial. The hotel was operated as such for about one year when it was sold to the late R. B. Fergusson, moved to South Railway St. and used as a furniture store. With the arrival of more lumber in the city Mr. Williams built himself a house. It stood on Broad Street where the Independent Laundry now stands. That house is still doing business as a dwelling and stands at the corner of Halifax Street and Sixteenth Avenue.



THE HOUSE

There was an exceedingly heavy fall of snow in the winter of 1883 and great floods followed in the spring. At that time Mr. Williams abandoned the homestead at Balcarres and took one up seven miles south of the city on Albert Street where the first station on the G.T.P. now stands. To get out to the new farm he constructed a ferry across the Pile 'o Bones (Wascana) at a point about opposite the western line of the Regina College. The ferry would support a horse and wagon and was worked with ropes and pulleys. No wire cable could be secured in the country. As the flood subsided the ferry was moved to a narrow point on the creek and used as a bridge. A fee of 25 and 50 cents was charged. 25 for foot passengers and 50 cents for a horse and rig. In May, 1883, many ranges and townships were thrown open for homestead entry—previous to that date land was squatted. Mr. Williams then filed on his homestead and the same year built a shack on it and broke 40 acres. A well was dug to a depth of 80 feet but there was no water. After three years he cancelled the claim and secured permission to enter on any other unoccupied land in the territory, a privilege he never exercised.

In the winter of 1883-84 and while still on the homestead Mr. Williams, in partnership with Mr. D. Murphy, took the contract to build one of the first Indian industrial schools to be erected in the West, near the mouth of High River in the district now known as Alberta. The building still stands, 25 miles east of Calgary on the Bow River. When the building party was organized J. K. R. Williams was left in a private school here in Regina. Mrs. Williams went along to cook for the crowd. Lumber was bought and horses to draw it to

the destination, though the lumber had to be rafted quite a distance, an operation that resulted in the loss of several thousand feet. Calgary was then known as Old Calgary and was marked by a Hudson Bay fort.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams, two children and eight workmen started overland for the site of the school that was to be. After considerable difficulty they crossed intervening creeks, rafted the lumber and finally made camp. On arrival they met one of the first white settlers of the West, the late Father McComb. It was a new country in those days yet this man had lived in the neighborhood 35 years even then, working tirelessly among the Indian tribes.

Father McComb was able to give the party advice as to how to handle the Indians. In the summer months while the building was going up bands of Blackfeet were constantly passing arrayed in full war paint, for they were then preparing to join

Louis Riel in his famous rebellion movement. The Indians passed within a stone's throw in order to ford the river. Sometimes as many as 500 would be in a band. It was rather a terrifying experience for Mrs. Williams, but acting on the advice of Father McComb they had no truck with the Indians, giving them nothing and asking nothing from them. The work was at last completed and the builders returned to Regina. The horses went into the government transport system used during the rebellion to carry supplies to the troops.

The fate of the big red ox that carried Mr. Williams across the wide prairies to Fort Qu'Appelle can be told in a few words. The big fellow was left on the old original homestead near what is now Balcarres. When the Williams family moved to Regina in September, 1882, one of the arrivals let it be known that he wished to purchase an ox. Always willing to make a sale, Mr. Williams sent a man down to the farm with orders to bring him along with the Red River cart. In the course of time man and ox arrived, \$100 changed hands and the ox had a new owner. The cart remained in the family.

Right at that period in the history of Regina there was no water save that drawn from Pile 'o Bones, now dignified with the name Wascana Creek. An Indian pony was bought, and hitched to the cart. The combination made the first water system of the city. The water brought one dollar a barrel on the open market. The barrels were brought from Winnipeg with some household effects. The owner was offered and refused \$3 each for them when they were empty of even Wascana Creek water.

(Concluded on Page 18)

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GOING OUT AFTER DUCKS

—AND—

BRINGING HOME THE BACON

How Four Regina Sportsmen Got 'Em

By HARRY CRABTREE

AFTER many moons, and a deal of preparation in getting our supplies together, testing out shells, getting our guns in shape, we were all tuned up for what we expected was to be our best duck hunt. Whispers had reached us that lordly mallards in "heap plenty" were feeding on the stubbles and from reliable sources we had learned where the best feeding grounds were, so with hopes running high and visions of overflowing bags four of us started off on a bright, frosty morning to go out and get 'em.

The roads were in fine condition and our McLaughlin reeled off the 100 miles between Regina and the duck country in short order—somehow or other it seemed as if the old car was possessed of the same impatience to get there that animated our party. Nobody will persuade us but that somewhere concealed in the mechanism of some cars lurks a real sporting instinct—maybe a devil, for 'twas the devil of a ride at that.

Well, anyhow, after touching only the high spots and narrowly avoiding a collision with a farmer hauling his grain to market with a tractor (who said "the passing of the ox team?") we quickly rolled our way into the duck country—small lakes

"And a-hunting we did go," and as Jack says, we sure found something.

began to appear more frequently covered with ducks of all description, but we are out for the king of the duck family—the mallard, and we press on—these smaller fry hold no lure for us.

Presently as we get close to our rendezvous we see strings of mallards

winging their way out to the stubble fields, and one of the boys soon digs up the field glasses and gets to locating a good feeding ground. After passing several fields with a great number of flocks in, we are at last rewarded by coming up on one literally covered with ducks, so we de-

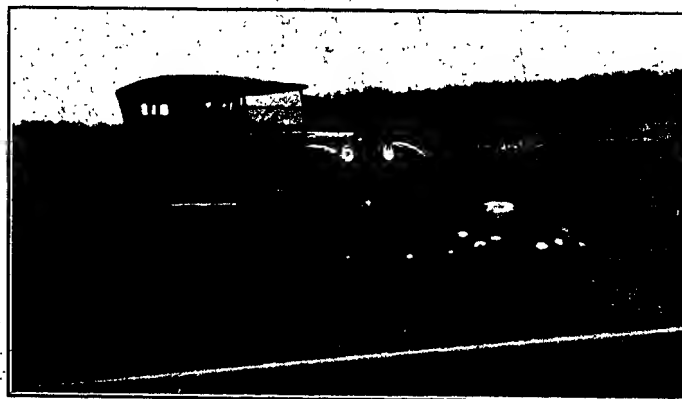
cide to camp in the clump of trees about two miles off to the north.

Camp is pitched in a hurry and as one of the boys starts a fire going the rest of us make tracks to a nearby straw stack to fill the ticks to sleep on. Everything is soon in shape and we settle down to a good supper of bacon and mushrooms, the latter picked up in a meadow nearby—and, oh, boy! did we eat—we'll tell the world we did, or as Roy says: I'll say we did. We had to put the tire gauge on some of the boys as a warning before they'd let up, but I pause to remark there were no blow-outs and as a man having a good deal of experience with tires I'll admit the human stomach has it all over tires like a tent for withstanding strains and over-inflation, at least on a duck hunt.

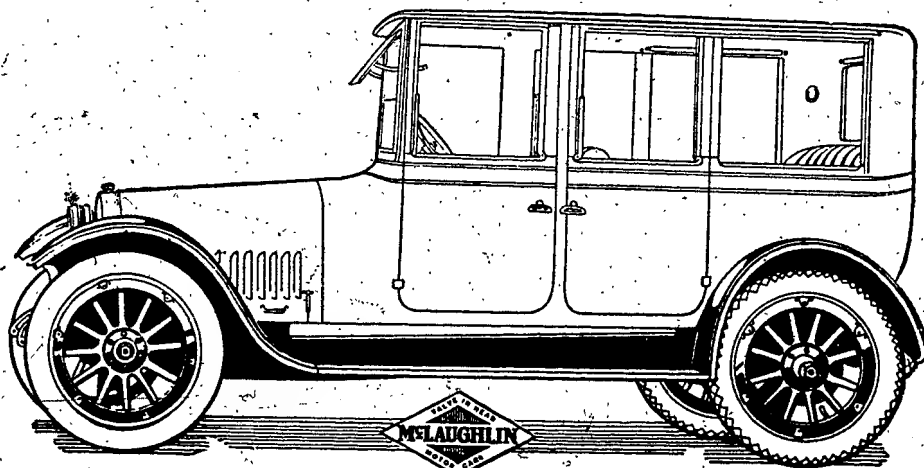
Pretty soon the pipes began to glow and as the mellow fumes surround our camp like a halo we begin making plans for the morrow—and by the way if the fellow who writes all that joyous jimmy-pipe dope for Velvet tobacco, could only have one such smoke as we enjoyed after that supper he would have enough inspiration seeped into his system to keep his tank on high pressure for the rest of his short sojourn in this vale of tears.

But to get back to our plans. We

(Concluded on Page 39)



Picking Mushrooms



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The Story of a Pioneer

(Continued from Page 16)

Everybody used to borrow the pony and cart in those days when the family washing was extra heavy. One day a restaurant keeper secured the rig and set sail for the creek. When he had filled the barrels to capacity the pony thought it was time to go. He started on the dead run and when he brought up the cart was a wreck. There was not an ounce of metal in the cart makeup and the wood went into several stoves.

And speaking of wodd, that kind of fuel was brought from the bluffs around Edenwold in the winter of 1882-83 and cost \$12 a load, and the load was small. The first ton of coal that R. H. Williams bought in Regina set him back \$25.

Regina has been called muddy by people who never saw it in the days before pavements became fashionable. Regina mud was a curse in those days and Mr. Williams as an enterprising citizen, in company with Daniel Murphy, who is still in the building business in the city, started to take up a subscription to build a sidewalk. When they had the money they started to build. The first walk that graced this fair city pointed north and south and extended along what is now Broad Street to South Railway. Two planks were laid on the bald prairie with a space left between for a third plank when finances became easier. The third plank was never laid. Anyway, two people could pass by turning slightly sideways at the exact time of passing.

It has been mentioned that Mr. Williams was a builder. In 1886 he was still following the business and in that year he built a home for the commissioner of the R.N.W.M.P. The house is now occupied by the assistant commissioner. At the same time he built several other buildings at the barracks. Some of them still stand, some have been burned. And just touching on police affairs it might be mentioned that Mr. Williams built the cell that Louis Riel occupied during the time of the famous rebellion leader's trial. In the old courthouse on the corner of Victoria Avenue and Scarth Street.

Six years after Mr. Williams' arrival in the city he secured the contract for the erection of the Mounted Police buildings at MacLeod, with Charles Willoughby as a partner. He had to make the trip to the scene of his operation by stage coach, the regular old-fashioned kind that novels and motion pictures have made famous. The four horses went on the lops with the driver flourishing a long lashed whip. There were no bridges across the Old Man River and the same lack was suffered by the Belly River. On this particular trip one of the rivers had been crossed in safety and on the far bank the driver, a man named Pollinger, changed from a light rig to the heavy coach. Mr. Williams helped to transfer the baggage and mail. The hero of the story chose to sit on the high seat with the driver. Before a start was made Pollinger went inside the coach while the president of the R. H. Williams company was given the task of holding the four wild bronchos. He was assisted in this task by various commands that came from the bowels of the back, sounds that became more violent as time passed. The driver finally climbed to his seat in an ugly mood, swirled his long whip, the team plunged, the coach lurched and they were off. At the first stop called Kip, for a change of steeds. Pollinger spoke to the keeper of the stopping place and the latter, approaching Mr. Williams, said: "Are you the Rev. Mr. Blank?" He was turned away with an evasive answer and shortly after the journey was resumed.

At the destination, Fort Mc-

Leod, the passenger was hustled to a room as quickly as he arrived. It was in the late fall and the passenger was cold. He figured he wanted a drink and went after it. He found a little bar and ordered his refreshment. Just as he was about to toss it off, in walked Pollinger, who was immediately invited to have a drop. With a string of oaths the driver accepted the invitation and as the liquor made him talk, he said: "You are the deceiverst man I ever met. I figured you for a preacher from the start. Member just after we crossed the river, well, I crawled into the coach to have a drink where you couldn't see me, and consarn you, you were sitting on the corkscrew."

"That was the only time I was ever taken for a minister in this or any other country," said Mr. Williams, in telling the story.

The lumber for the building at MacLeod was secured from a little sawmill up in the foot hills owned by Peter McLaren of Ontario. The mill was closed down, but the foreman consented to start up and Mr. Williams was the first to show him how to saw shiplap, specified in the contract.

One of the last building contracts undertaken by Mr. Williams was that of the first exhibition buildings on the present site for the territorial exhibition.

When the year 1891 rolled around Mr. Williams organized the firm, the Regina Lumber and Supply Company. He was president of the company which had eleven yards in various districts. At the end of four years he sold out his interests in the lumber business to devote all his time to the store.

The first real start in the mercantile business was made when he bought a partnership in a little store on South Railway Street with Alex Sheppard. The store is where W. E. Arens carries on a drug business right now. Mr. Sheppard was Scotch and when the building was enlarged and the new partner entered they looked around for a name. Mr. Williams suggested "Glasgow House" because his partner was Scotch. It met instant favor with Mr. Sheppard and the name stuck. It is probably as widely known as any firm name in the west today. In those days J. K. R. Williams, now vice-president and general manager of the company, was carrying parcels.

Mr. Williams was not altogether satisfied with the progress of the business and he offered to sell his share to Mr. Sheppard. The offer was refused and Mr. Williams bought out Mr. Sheppard. In 1889 a new store was built east of the original stand. F. J. Robinson occupies the store today.

Came the year 1910 and the present building on Eleventh Avenue was occupied. The site was first occupied by a public school building. By a queer turn of fate Mr. Williams had been a member of the school board that selected the site for the school twenty years previous. He bid it in at public auction when he wanted it for himself, paying \$39,600. And by another turn of fate Alex Sheppard, his first partner, was the auctioneer. J. W. Smith was the contending bidder.

THE ACHIEVEMENT

That briefly is the history to date of the Glasgow House that is now capitalized for one millions dollars. The history is far from complete for plans are maturing right now for a big development in the store building and also for the Kitchener hotel, another property owned by Mr. Williams and visible from the front store windows.

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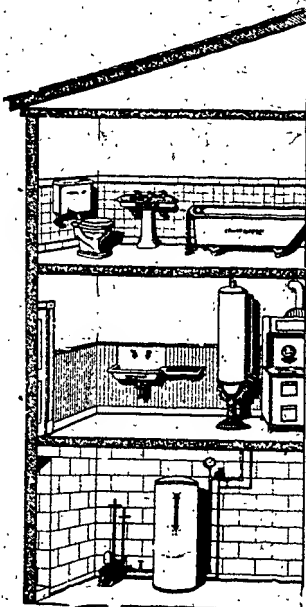
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Women's Work in War Time

By MRS. E. L. STORER

FROM the moment that the first war note was sounded in August, 1914, women realized their share of the responsibility involved. And at once set to work to devise ways and means of helping the soldier at home and abroad. This, of course, required money, and more money. And at the close of the war the result, of the four years' work proves the women of the city of Regina to be equal to the most stupendous task.

RED CROSS SOCIETY

MRS. T. B. PATTON was appointed to represent the Local Council of Women on the Executive of the Provincial Red Cross. And I may say in passing, that she has been re-appointed each year by the Lieutenant-Governor. On the 4th of September, 1914, just one month after the declaration of war, Major Bishop, Mr. Neville, the secretary of the Red Cross, and Mrs. Patton were appointed a committee to interview the mayor of the city with the view of forming a local branch of the Red Cross Society in Regina. Later a branch was organized with a membership of twelve with Mrs. A. B. Perry as their president.

The first purchase was ten pounds of wool to knit scarfs and wristlets. This was distributed in about as many minutes to volunteer knitters. And it was evident that more must be acquired. A peculiarity of the Red Cross is that all the work is done by volunteer labour. No expense is incurred whatever. And with a view to conservation of food this society was the first to abolish the serving of afternoon tea at their meetings, others following in their wake.

All sorts of schemes for earning money were eagerly thought out and embraced helping in stores and running dining-rooms in hotels on a percentage basis. Garden parties, card parties and carnivals were given and Christmas seals were sold in their season. During the Exhibitions flowers were donated to the Society by the Provincial Government and the city. These were sold on the grounds and netted a tidy sum.

The school teachers and scholars were ever ready to assist and the money received at the beginning, from the Children's Penny Subscription Fund helped greatly. The white contribution boxes placed in business places brought good returns, but possibly the most remunerative source was the Tag Days. Raffles were also very popular and everything from a prize colt to guinea-pigs were generously donated. The fund was also greatly indebted to the members of the Royal North-West Mounted Police for their splendid Gymkhana which was such a financial success.

As money became more plentiful wool for socks and material for pyjamas and hospital supplies were purchased, and five sewing machines were kept busy.

These articles were turned over to the Provincial Red Cross once a week. They were sorted and tied in bundles of dozens and packed in boxes of uniform size and forwarded by them overseas. The wonderful developments made was caused by the necessity and were made possible by the liberality of the people who responded so cheerfully to every call.

During the first two years of the war this branch endowed ten beds at \$50.00 each, in the Duchesse of Connaught Hospital at Cliveden, England; and two in the Princess Patricia Hospital at Buxton, England.

Later they bought a Morrie for use in France and contributed towards an ambulance. In addition to this subscriptions were forwarded to St. Dunstan's Hospital for the Blind, and to the Prisoner of War Fund. And just here we might remember what a mighty factor the latter fund was in sustaining life in our soldiers while prisoners of war.

Beginning with a membership of twelve this branch now boasts about three hundred. The first purchase was ten pounds of wool and the last was one thousand pounds. The amount of money raised was approximately \$110,000.00. Garments forwarded including hospital supplies, number 19,000, and 2,266 garments were sent for the relief of the refugees. Christmas stockings were packed and forwarded every year overseas and last year were sent to the local military hospitals.

The hospital committee made 1205 visits in one year, carrying with them comforts and delicacies.

We are amazed when we realize that all funds (with the exception of the "drive" of the gentlemen) were raised by the enterprise of these women.

The presidents during this time were: Mrs. A. B. Perry, Mrs. R. Martin, Mrs. T. B. Patton, Mrs. D. P. McCall, Mrs. T. D. Brown and Mrs. Jas. McArar.

During the epidemic of "flu" the hospital supplies were freely given and helpers assisted by making pneumonia jackets and other necessities. At present they are assisting people in the dried-out areas, having sewn over five hundred yards of flannelette into garments. And are also collecting clothes to forward through the Department of Labour to those in need.

IMPERIAL ORDER OF DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE

THE Daughters of the Empire, as a branch of the national organization had been working in the city some time prior to the outbreak of the war, their aim being to assist all patriotic organizations, soldiers, sailors and their dependents. But after the war was declared they took up the special work of providing field comforts for the army and navy and relief work, other lines being held in abeyance for the time.

The Municipal Chapter was formed on January 14th, 1914. There are also five primary chapters and two auxiliaries, all endeavouring to further the aims of the order. And in giving the municipal report we cover the work done by the primary chapters to a great extent. The money to carry on the work, of course, had to be earned and many of the agencies used were the same as other societies. The Tag Days were always successful and the commission for the ladies' efforts in assisting with the Victory Loan amounted to \$591.87. The reports show also that very material assistance was rendered by the Ladies' Aids, sewing circles, Homemakers' Clubs and others.

The first venture at the outbreak of the war was in response to an urgent appeal from the National Chapter for funds for the Women's Canadian Hospital Ship.

In May, 1915, through the Provincial Government, a motor ambulance bearing the word "Saskatchewan" was purchased for the Queen's Canadian Hospital, at Shorncliffe, England, Regina's share being \$1,318.71. Owing to the increased demand it

was found advisable to open an office in the city as headquarters where the Provincial and Municipal chapters could handle their work. And through the courtesy of Sheriff Cook a building on 11th Avenue was placed at their disposal. On hearing that soldiers' wounds were being dressed with grass through lack of bandages a car load of old linen was collected and shipped to hospitals.

During the years of the war both money and material were donated to the relief of the French, Belgian and Serbian refugees. The funds for prisoners of war, for sailors, British and Canadian Red Cross and field comfort work were also contributed to. During the time the soldiers were located in the city the sum of \$50.00 was given monthly to the Y.M.C.A. to assist in their comfort.

In response to a request from the local executive of the Patriotic Society toys and bags of candy were sent to nine hundred children of the soldiers of the city who were overseas the first year. The following years over one thousand toys with candy were given, and a small gift was sent to the widow of each sailor and soldier in the city.

Responding to an appeal towards furnishing the Earl Grey Tubercular Hospital a plan was placed there, and also a billiard table, the purchase of which was made possible by the generosity of the Young Men's Liberal Club. Later one chapter gave a gramophone to the Military Isolation Hospital and another gave a portable organ for use of the Y.M.C.A. workers. The St. Chad's Convalescent Home also came in for a share of remembrance.

The ladies also had the pleasure of placing three bookcases of five sections each in the Great War Veteran Rooms. And later a "Shower" given by the Devonshire Club, which is one of the auxiliaries already referred to, filled some of these cases with books. The same club has since contributed some easy chairs and other articles towards the comfort of the rooms, including a piano.

THE ST. JOHN'S AMBULANCE NURSING DIVISION

THE St. John's Ambulance Division was organized with Mrs. W. A. Thomson, as superintendent; Mrs. Wm. Armour, first officer, and Mrs. T. Wild as secretary. The members of this division did voluntary aid work at the military hospitals, many of the members pursuing their regular occupations as well as doing this work. And during the epidemic of "flu" rendered most valuable assistance in caring for the sick.

Eleven members were accepted for service overseas, ten as V.A.D.'s and one as an ambulance driver. On the eve of their departure each member was presented with a steamer bag, or purse and money. And Christmas parcels were always sent to them by the members of the division at home.

During 1918 a rest room and nursery was in charge of the division during the Exhibition, which added greatly to the comfort of the visitors from out of the city.

In addition to this \$50.00 was subscribed to Halifax Relief; \$25.00 to the Red Shield and \$25.00 to Red Cross funds.

The appointment of Miss J. R. Allison, as lady district superintendent for Saskatchewan for the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, was an entirely new one for the province, as previously the nursing divisions of Regina, Saskatoon and Moose Jaw had been operating directly under the Toronto authorities. Miss Allison

has charge of organizing the V.A.D. and other help in the military hospitals of the province.

VARIOUS SOCIETIES

IT is to be regretted that a fuller account cannot be given of the work done by the various auxiliaries and smaller organizations. But the members are so modest regarding their efforts that it seemed impossible to gather the necessary detail, even had space permitted. Nevertheless it is well known that they did their share in enriching the treasuries of the Red Cross, Daughters of the Empire and Prisoner of War funds. And contributed largely to the Belgian and Halifax relief schemes. They were also more than faithful in meeting troop trains and dispersing small gifts and cheer to the boys on their journey overseas. And when after having "done their bit" they were returning home, they were again met and welcomed and cheered by the "comforts" supplied by the different societies.

The work of the churches in packing boxes for the boys whose names were on the honour roll was always cheerfully done. And the boys who were prisoners of war were also remembered. Although the congregations contributed the contents it was the business of the Ladies' Aid or Auxiliary to see that the boxes were packed early enough in the year to reach the soldiers in time for the Christmas season. Besides these there were the special forms of greeting. Some sent in the Christmas stocking, while others sent an individual message at the Easter-tide and at Thanksgiving.

All this was not accomplished in a few days, but was the result of concentrated work of brain and muscle for the duration of the war. The undertakings may have been small at first, but as the needs increased new methods were found and the results reflect the highest credit on the women of the Capital City, both in the art of organization and in financial ability.

Needless to say that among that vast army of workers the dread "Casualty Message" was received at many of their homes, still they did not falter, and as the days wore on with unrelenting severity the words of the poet often entered the mind:

"The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where, and when;
On the maps of the world you will find it not,
It was fought by the mothers of men."

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or goblet pen;
Nay, not with the eloquent word of thought,
From mouths of wonderful men

But deep in a wall'd-up woman's heart
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, sternly, bore her part—
Lo! There is that battlefield."

The fighting has ceased, the armistice is signed, but woman's work is not yet done. And today we find women of our city forming new plans, discussing new methods, and entering upon enlarged schemes for meeting the problems of today; many of which are directly or indirectly a result of the war.

And at this Christmas season, fully appreciating the great things they have accomplished, may we express the wish that they may be as faithful in the days to come, receiving at the last the commendation: "She hath done what she could."

Golf in Regina

(Continued from Page 12)

K.C., Esq., Pres.; D. McMillan, Esq., Hon. Sec.-Treas., and the Board of Governors, Messrs. A. F. Angus, Jas. Balfour, J. W. Blythe, S. Cookson, H. W. Givens, R. W. Hugg, D. McMillan, C. J. Milligan, H. F. Thomson and Chas. Willoughby.

IN the meantime in March, 1910, at a meeting of the Regina Golf Club on motion of Hon. Mr. Justice Newlands, seconded by W. G. Gray, Esq., (then local manager of the Dominion bank, and a prince of golfers), it was decided to form a country club, the matter being placed in the hands of the General Committee of the club, composed of the President, Mr. Angus, the Vice-President, Mr. Joseph Campbell, the Secretary-Treasurer, J. Kelso Hunter, and Messrs. W. S. Gray, Jas. Balfour, J. H. H. Young, B. B. Carter and W. G. Bishop. These gentlemen with Commissioner Perry enthusiastically undertook the organization of the new country club and from their efforts in 1911 resulted the Wascana Country Club with its own splendid 18-hole course and commodious club house situated about three and a half miles southeast of the city, and with a present membership of 202 men and 68 ladies. The officers of the Wascana Country Club for the present year are: Sir Frederick Haultain, Hon. President; J. D. Turnbull, Esq., President; E. S. Miller, Esq., Vice President; A. W. Anderson, Esq., Sec.-Treasurer, and Messrs. J. F. Bole, N. O. Berve, W. H. A. Hill, E. B. Jonah, A. Olson, Lorne Johnson, C. P. Church, E. T. Bucke and W. B. Scott, Directors.

Many of the local golfers are members of both clubs and the inter-club matches each year are a pleasant feature of the game in Regina. This year a competition between the players of both clubs for the city championship proved an interesting event, which will probably become an annual fixture. Mr. D. F. MacPherson of the Regina Golf Club was the proud winner of this event this year. Mr. C. P. Church of the Wascana Country Club being the runner-up. Inter-club matches between the two local clubs and the various golf clubs throughout the Province are growing

in popularity and helping to spread the knowledge of the game and incidentally encouraging the newer clubs. The big fixture of the golfing year in Saskatchewan is, of course, the Provincial Tournament, which this year was held at Saskatoon and next year will be held on the Regina Golf Club course.

The Great War has interfered seriously with golf as with all other sports in Regina. As was the experience the world over, local golfers were well represented at the front, the Regina Golf Club having 50 players and the Wascana Country Club 63 members on their respective honor rolls. Many of these have covered themselves and their country with glory and, alas, many have made the supreme sacrifice in the hazard of war, but their memory will live with their club mates and enable them to carry on in a spirit of greater manliness the traditions of this old British sport. The Regina Golf Club's premier competition from now on will be for a beautiful memorial cup on which is inscribed the names of the club members who have fallen at the front. In this way the memory of their club mates who died that the world might live will be kept green and fragrant among their fellows. "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

With the return of the boys who have been spared to come home, some of them the keenest and most brilliant exponents of golf in Regina, every golfer looks forward to a renewed interest in the game. Already a Western Golf Association is mooted owing to the large number of golf clubs in this part of Canada. With the large membership in the two local golf clubs there is room for a municipal course in Regina, which would accommodate the many players or would be players who are taking up the game, and bring the city in line with every up-to-date urban municipality in this respect. The spread of golf in recent years, as has been said, is phenomenal, and the climatic conditions in Western Canada make golf a most beneficial outdoor sport, especially for men and women in middle life as a counteractant to the high tension of modern living.

Wherefore Did We Ever Drift Apart

Our barques encountered on a summer day,
Upon the sea of life a year ago.

Boon blew the breeze that sped us on our way.

We watched the evening twilight and the dawn—
Companioned in community of soul.

We signalled eye to eye and heart to heart,
Our keels were swayed by the same billows' roll;

Ah! Wherefore did we ever drift apart?

What fate constrained us—who shall haply say
By what strange currents' fortune led us on

To where our courses met?

While we lay in motionless content,
Together drawn by force unseen we sought the self-same goal.

Marked the same course upon our vital chart,
We met no storm—we struck nor rock nor shoal.

Ah! Wherefore did we ever drift apart?

Why could we not thus drifting ever stay
Companioned, soul to soul in unison.

Watching Orion's dolphins round us play,
And 'round our prow the auspicious halcyon—

Why could we not our vital force control,
By reason, or by foresight, or by art?

Why lose the joy of life and bear the dole?
Ah! Wherefore did we ever drift apart?

L'Envoy

Sweetheart; the night has come, and round the pole
The glorious shifting splendours gleam and dart.

I drift alone, with sadness on my soul—
Ah! Wherefore did we ever drift apart?

—Translated from Spanish by the late A. J. W. McNeilly, K.C.

After Years of Toil



F. M. LAWRENCE

And Patient Careful Research, in Spite of Sickness and Financial Stringency, He Produced the Finest Polish in the World

For sheer pluck and dogged perseverance it would be hard to find a finer example than that furnished by F. M.

Lawrence, the manufacturer of Lawrence's All-Round Polish.

Coming to Regina over five years ago, Mr. Lawrence, a French Polisher by trade, sought employment along the lines in which he was trained.

To say that he was up against a hard proposition is but to state his circumstances mildly—he was in worse shape than that, for added to the very limited amount of work to be had in polishing, he became sick but not discouraged. Sundry ills played havoc with his health and for nearly two years he was almost a cripple. But he plugged away, for he had the patient instinct of the inventor. He was working on a problem. He believed it was possible to produce a better polish than the market offered and every dollar not needed to supply the needs of his family for living purposes was invested in materials for experiment and tests. Discouragement nearly overwhelmed him at times, but he would not be beaten. The apparently endless failures but stirred him to more resolute determination, more painstaking preparation of his formula, until at last one day the tests "proved up," the impossible had been accomplished. Lawrence had produced a perfect polish, so superior to all other polishes that he could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. He tested it on woodwork, on automobiles, on mirrors, silverware, brass, copper and many other articles. The effect was the same. Oxides, carbonates, greases all yielded to its action. Not content, however, he sent a sample to Messrs. Andrews and Cruickshanks, professional chemists and analysts, only to have them corroborate his belief that he had produced the finest all-round polish on the market.

And now in stores all over Western Canada and in countless homes Lawrence's All-Round Polish has taken its place as the polish without a peer, and the automobilist, who is not a great booster for this polish is a rare specimen, for old cars after a treatment of Lawrence's Polish can easily be mistaken for cars fresh from the factory.

This Polish Can Be Had in Two Sized Bottles

½ Pint at 75c

1 Pint at \$1.50



A Page for the Children

A Visit from Saint Nicholas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap
Had just settled our brains for a long winter nap;
When out on the lawn arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen,
On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Dunder and Blixen—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished from ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had slung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled; his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry.
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight:
"Happy Christmas to all and to all a good-night!"

—“A Visit from St. Nicholas” is a poem by Clement C. Moore.

The First Christmas

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying he makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven to live with Thee there.

Santa Claus

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He softly, silently comes;
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white,
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,
While the white flakes around him whirl.
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang over the side,
With the sticks sticking under the strings.
And yet not a sound of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney-tops like a bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills
Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard,
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East, and he rides to the West,
Of his goodies he touches not one;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth all he can,
This beautiful mission is his.
Then, children, be good to the little old man,
When you find who the little man is.

Christmas Carols

Out in the depths of winter,
On Bethlehem's rugged hill,
Silent the Shepherds watching
The gentle flocks are still.
When, hark! the heavenly music
Falls from the opening sky
Valley and hills re-echo,
"Glory to God on high!"
"Glory to God," rings out the strain,
"Peace on the Earth, Good-will to Men."

Come with the gladsome shepherds,
Quick hastening from the fold,
Come with the wise men bringing
Incense and myrrh and gold;
Come to Him, poor and lowly,
Around the cradle throng.
Come with your hearts of sunshine,
And sing the angels' song,
"Glory to God," ring out again,
"Peace on the Earth, Good-will to Men."

Weave ye the wreath unfading,
The fir tree and the pine,
Green from the snows of winter,
To deck the Holy Shrine,
Bring ye the happy children,
For this is Christmas morn.
Jesus the sinless infant,
Jesus the Lord is born,
"Glory to God," it rings again,
"Peace on the Earth, Good-will to Men."

There's a song in the air—
A star in the sky,
A mother's swift prayer—
And a baby's low cry,
And the star sheds its fire
While the beautiful sing—
For the manger in Bethlehem
Cradles a King.

A WORTHY ACHIEVEMENT

A Simple Story

*of Progress--Progress
because of an honest
effort to serve the pub-
lic well.*

*Typical too of the
growth of Regina and
the west.*



THE RESULT OF FORESIGHT,
SOUND BUSINESS JUDGMENT,
Plus—THE ABILITY TO MAKE GOOD BREAD

WHEN William Allen as a youth of fifteen worked as a baker's boy in Larne, in the County Antrim, in the far-off north of Ireland, greasing pans and generally making himself useful, he little dreamed that he would one day be a man of big business in Regina; indeed, if he had visions they must have had some other objective, for Regina was not at that time on the map.

But William, one of a family of five, four boys and one girl, was industrious and a hard worker, and the record of the family which shows that three of the boys went over to France as soldiers (and by the way, had the good fortune of coming out of the conflict safe and sound), came of good Irish fighting stock and had in him the elements which win success in any field of endeavor. Dogged perseverance and the grim determination to make good soon manifested itself for we find him following his trade learning all that he could learn to make him a master craftsman and then seeking wider fields where opportunity offered.

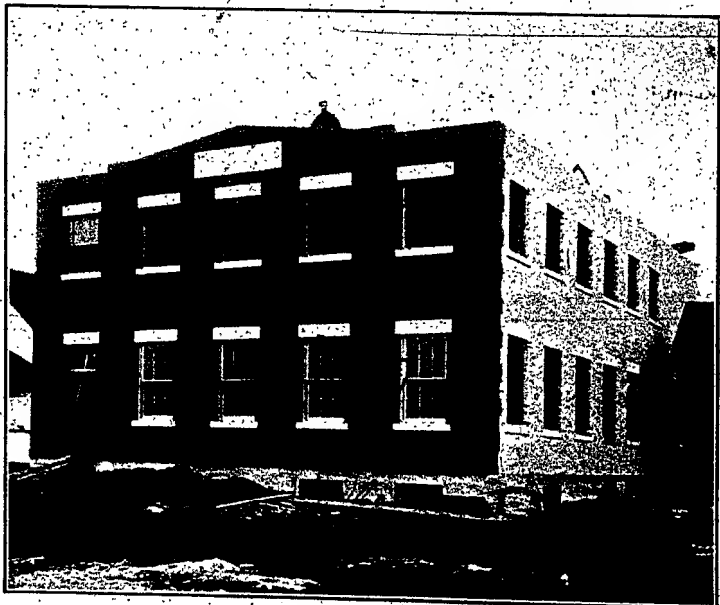
He came to Canada—the land of promise. For seven years he worked with the Slinn Baking Co. at Ottawa, but apparently he was convinced that opportunity lay further West, and nine years ago he packed his belongings together and bought tickets for Regina, where he was soon busy again. He became foreman for the Best Yet Bakery, with whom he stayed until 1913, when he started a business of his own, his output being 80 loaves of bread per day.

William Allan had arrived, true; the start was a small one, but watch him grow—80 loaves in 1913; 5,000 loaves in 1918, and before 1919 closes it will be 20,000 loaves per day, turned out under the most modern, sanitary conditions known in the bread making industry.

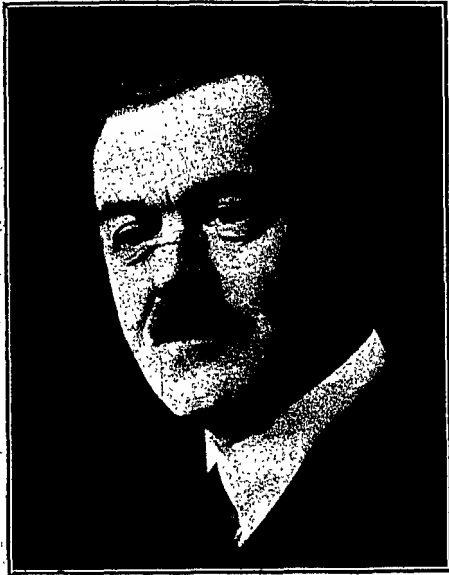
Mr. Allen visited Montreal, Toronto and other eastern points for the purpose of securing first hand information on modern bakeries and on his return started construction on what will be the most modern and up-to-date bakery in Western Canada.

The building which will be a two-storey brick one, with a frontage of 40 feet by a depth of 60 feet, is being constructed by Smith Bros. and Wilson. New machinery and equipment are being installed and the plant will cost, when completed, over \$25,000. It is located between Sixth and Seventh avenues on Garnet street, and stands as an inspiration to all workers as an evidence that "Where there's a will there's a way."

Success came to him—because he was prepared to pay the price—industry and perseverance, plus the ability to make good bread.



The New Regina Bakery Nearing Completion



THE AUTHOR

A SOLDIER BORN

A LAD moved with precision from the waiting line and stood before the King. Discipline had restrained but not destroyed the free grace of his movements. Alone of a battered and halting rank, he was unmarred by battle scar or wound. In that proud moment, he stood tall and self-possessed, straight and clean as a long lance, and splendid in a suggestion of slim strength and freedom of activity, as his Sovereign bestowed upon him the insignia of valour.

The King said some friendly words; praised him for the exploit that had won him the decoration; and then with the kindness and tact of his royal race spoke to the young soldier of his own people and of his own country far across the sea where the prairie ran in great rolling terraces to the first steep slope of the Rockies.

His decoration was the one most coveted by all soldiers, and in that long line of brave men, he was signaled out for special honor. When he stood at attention his swarthy face and aquiline features betrayed no emotion; but as he moved sharply off to make way for the next in line, he swept the scene, of palace walls, military pageant, streaming flags and the murky roofs of London with an eagle glance of noble pride and indescribable dignity.

He was a warrior amongst them all and war, black unceasing and relentless war, was the tradition of his people. He was a Blackfoot of the purest blood, and from the days before the stories of the old men began, his people had held with strong hand the rolling country that ran north from the Milk River in Western Canada to the forks of the Red Deer, and East from the mountains to the Moose Jaw Creek. It was a splendid heritage and the Blackfeet confederacy had kept it inviolate against all the peoples of the plains until the red coats of Britain came, when they made an alliance with them and shared the land as with equals.

He had been to the Industrial School and could talk the English. He did not speak much with his comrades, and when he did, it was with slow and definite precision. But he was always alert and ready for any daring exploit. He seemed to be watching incessantly for fear that his officer might overlook him when there was work with death at the end of it to be done; and his bravery became a proverb throughout the Canadian Army. He was a horseman, as are all of his people, but during the first years of the war there was no need for horses, and he fought as well on foot. Death passed him by a thousand times. Perhaps it was because he knew by instinct a hundred ways to play the grim game with it and come out a winner. There was nothing he would not dare to undertake. And his fame gathered and grew amongst the soldiers of the Allies.

He had some Indian name, but it was never spoken. He was down on the regimental books as Joseph Blackfoot, but was known to his comrades as Indian Joe.

Always eager and alert, he made no friends. The other soldiers with their singing, and their jokes, and their football, seemed lacking in dignity. This was war, and it was a grave and serious

"SMOKE"

WRITTEN BY

Z. M. Hamilton

matter. At least that was the Blackfoot tradition, and such a conception suited well his disposition.

His comrades respected him, but were not much drawn to fellowship. I think they stood a little in awe of him, for even to these brave men throwing hazards with death, it seemed that he daily skirted the rim of eternity, and he was already walking with one foot across the border line.

In rest billets he cleaned and fondled and caressed his rifle, and polished and ground his bayonet.

Whilst on cavalry duty he divided his time betwixt his horse and his weapons.

Once a position held by his company was bitterly harassed by German snipers who, from some concealed vantage point, took terrible toll of men and officers. All efforts to locate the enemy shooters failed, and when a young lieutenant, who could talk the Blackfoot tongue and whose father ranged his cattle about the Belly River, was carried out with a bullet through his lungs, and coughing up a bloody froth, Joe prepared to get the sniper who had done the injury.

He sought and received permission to leave the trench, and after a few simple preparations, vanished from amongst his comrades so unobtrusively that no one could say he saw him go. He went in the morning when the sun was shining quite brightly, and he left his rifle behind carefully swathed in greasy cloths.

THE LAIR OF A BEAST

II.

HALF a mile from the front line trenches a middle aged German was seated snugly in a cave. The cave was in a clay bank, and some wheat stacks had once stood close to it, but a few tattered hand-bound sheaves lying here and there on the ground was all that remained.

The main incidents of the story are true. Some latitude must be allowed for the sake of sequence, but the character of Smoke has been evolved from Charcoal, a Blood Indian who about 1897 rode the western ranges as an outlaw. He killed several persons before he was eventually captured through the treachery of his Indian relatives. He was hanged at Fort MacLeod, and his woman who was with him during his wanderings, attended him to the scaffold. The incident of the cattle corrals is almost exactly as it happened at the time.—Editor.

The entrance to this earthy apartment was by a long tunnel to the rear; and there was a little round aperture most artfully shrouded with grass and earth, which gave a clear view of the intervening plain.

The German was fat and heavy. He wore powerful glasses and was smoking a porcelain pipe with a tassel. It was quite apparent he was suffering none of the rigors of war. His face was lumpy with knobs of fat and his eyes were deep and vicious like those of a pig. He had a ridiculous reddish moustache that was cropped until the coarse red bristles stood straight from the skin.

He was taking his ease and his coat was open, showing his paunch bulging and swinging above the waistband of his trousers. His legs looked like swollen sausages crammed into filthy skins. A handsome rifle of much more expensive appearance than the German service model, leaned close to his fat hands.

He was occupied chiefly in smoking, occasionally squinting through his peep hole, and paying not the slightest attention to an enormous rat which was nibbling at some filth on his heavy boots.

When he glanced through his observation hole, he saw a flat and devastated landscape. Guns from the front and rear boomed incessantly, and missiles screeched overhead. There were intermittent bursts of rifle fire; and off to the left some machine guns cracked.

He rose and studied the landscape. Nothing moving was to be seen from his vantage point.

He shrugged his shoulders with a "I should worry" attitude, and was about to resume his slouching seat, when he was arrested by a slight movement of one of the broken corn sheaves. He remained still for so long watching it that the rat came back from some recess, to which it had retired at his movements, and resumed its interrupted meal on his boot.

The sheaf, however, did not again move, and believing that it had been stirred by a passing breeze, he slumped back in his seat, the rat attending him.

He sat and smoked at his porcelain pipe with the tassel for about fifteen minutes. At the end of that time the rat suddenly abandoned his boot and scampered away. The movement disturbed the man and he looked up. The porcelain pipe with the tassel fell in fragments to the floor.

He was no longer alone in the cave. A strange, savage spectacle of a man leaned his long length indolently along the clay wall. His body bore the tattered remnants of what had been a suit of underclothes, and he was daubed from the face down with a coating of yellow clay that gave him a weird and fantastic appearance. His entrance to the cave had been as noiseless as that of a ghost; and the German remained looking at him with starting eyeballs and open mouth, his porcine bristles on head and face almost erect. There was absolute stillness for the space of several minutes in that grisly place. But the rat did not come back.

Then the Indian spoke very slowly and precisely in English. The German, who had kept a delicatessen store in San Francisco and practised rifle shooting with a German club, did not recognize the speech.

"Keep still," he said.

There was silence again for some time. Then the Indian moved indifferently and removed the sniping rifle.

He spoke again. "When my people go to fill the grizzly who stops in the passes of the great mountains; he says, 'Oh, my brother' while he runs the brass shells to the chamber. To you I will not talk, for it makes dirt on my tongue. You will begin to die in a few minutes, but it will be long in ending. Then I will go and the big rat can come back and eat."

Late that night the Blackfoot returned to his battalion as unobtrusively as he had gone away. He had with him a fine German rifle. The next morning a gun from back of the lines demolished the cave, and there was no further sniper's bullets from that quarter.

In rest billets next week the Indian carefully bestowed a strange object in his kit bag. It looked like one of those wigs or toupees displayed in the show cases of French hair dressers.

The cavalry charges at Cambrai were epics to him. Once again he bestrode a horse, a clean limbed broncho from the Alberta Plains, and his comrades—all that was left of them—told in awe of his exploits.

He was impervious to danger, whilst he dealt out death to others. He seemed on such friendly terms with it, that it averted its hand from him.

His work as a scout was wonderful. He had an Indian faculty of blending himself with the very earth, that made detection impossible. Again and again he crawled out into an area swept by hostile fire and brought succor to a wounded comrade.

His name was in despatches, and his daring became a proverb.

An exploit that was no more than what he had achieved a score of times fell under the observation of high authority, and he was recommended for the coveted decoration.

He was a soldier amongst soldiers, and battle was in his blood. War was his calling and his heart leaped at its savage tumult.

How this heritage came to him is my story, and I will try to tell it.

(Continued on Page 24)

"SMOKE"

(Continued from Page 23)

THE WHITEMAN'S TRAIL

III.

SMOKE was of the Bloods, a powerful sept of the great Blackfoot nation, which in days gone by had held sway over the vast rolling country which ran north from the upper reaches of the Missouri to the forks of the Red Deer River.

He was a good Indian, and ranked high in the estimation of the Indian agent. He was in active middle life, and as a young man had ridden in marauding war parties and joined in the clamorous and barbaric buffalo hunt.

There is no doubt that he stifled many a hungering memory of the old free life of the plains; but he was an Indian of excellent perception, and quickly made up his mind that the new order which arrived with the Mounted Police had changed the complexion of western life, and that intelligence counselled its adoption by the native people.

Accordingly he exchanged his war ponies for a good yoke of oxen, sent his children to the Industrial School, and adapted himself—if somewhat awkwardly—to the restrictions of the trousers issued from the agency storehouse. He obtained an allotment on the fertile reserve which lay south of the Belly River, did a little cultivation, and proceeded to raise some stock. He also essayed to dig coal from a seam that cropped out on the river bank in his pasture; and on occasion would make a comfortable dollar by hauling it in his brightly painted Chatham wagon to certain of the neighboring ranches, and receiving in exchange what appeared to him considerable sums of ready money.

Whilst the erstwhile brave was thus peacefully following the paths of the white man, he took to himself a new wife of his own people. She was not in any sense the wife of his youth, which in all likelihood had been a polygamous period. She was young and, according to tribal standards, good looking, and Smoke, after administering to her in a rather half-hearted way the disciplinary beatings which according to the Indian habit, usually ushered in married life, fell a victim to the uxoriousness not uncommon when male middle age unites with female youth and beauty.

Smoke was well content in his new found domesticity, and pursued the daily round of his activities, which was yielding fruit in the way of sleek steers and good white man's money.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE CORRALS

IV.

GAY youth and dour middle age seldom go well together, and it was not long until the sober endowments of her spouse began to be rather wearisome to Mrs. Smoke. Her inclinations turned in another direction and she developed rather a contempt for her elderly husband. Furthermore, she did not have the fear of him before her eyes which she would have had in the savage old days. His devotion to the ways of the white man had tempered his blood. He had cast his Indian sting, when he donned the trousers of civilization.

At least so, thought his wife, although her conclusions were inclined to be hasty.

Accordingly she conceived some sort of an attachment for a young buck of the tribe, and during the absence of her husband she philandered with her new love, along the bank of the brawling river or in the cottonwood groves that bordered the rim of the valley.

Gossip is nowhere more universal than in an Indian community, and soon Smoke heard whispers of what was going on. During a temporary reversion to strain he gave her a good beating and concluded that the incident was closed.

It wasn't, however, and events began to move with considerable rapidity.

One fall evening Smoke returned to his humble domicile after a somewhat strenuous and irksome day spent hauling coal, and found his hearth cold and his helpmate absent.

He was hungry, so he composedly cooked some food and prepared his rawhide quirt against her return.

Darkness fell, and he sallied forth to gather news of her.

An ancient squaw with nutcracker features and a skin like an old parchment, searbed with a thousand wrinkles, cackled at him in derision. "You won't find her along the white man's trail. Will not your white man's wisdom show you her lover?" she said.

He shook her until her old bones rattled and menaced her with the quirt which he still carried.

"Keep your blows for your own woman," she continued, drawing her blanket around her. "If your eyes are still good look for her among the cattle corrals at the Lower Camp."

Turning away from the old woman, Smoke's civilization fell from him like the casting away of a cumbrous garment.

He returned soberly and quietly to his shack. His movements were unhurried but he went about his preparations with a manner that was certain and inexorable. He gathered the dying poplar embers on the hearth together and fanned them into a blaze that sent fantastic shadows leaping up and down in the dark places.

Glancing around he noted the answering gleam to the firelight of the bright brass tacks which studded the butt of the Winchester carbine, resting in a murky corner. It had not been used much of late, but its care had never been neglected. As he picked it up, it fell smoothly to his hand like the familiar tool of the craftsman. He pumped the lever and noted with satisfaction the run of the brass cartridges to the oiled groove of the chamber. He buckled a leather belt studded with shining cases around his waist, and sweeping up his saddle gear, he cast one glance about the tawdry interior that had served him for home, and bearing his plenishings with him, vanished in the direction of the horse corral. He had added no knife to his equipment. He always carried one in its studded sheath beneath his outer garments.

A few minutes later, the shadowy outlines of a man and horse flew out of the corral and with drumming hoof beats took the trail down the valley.

Down by the Cattle Corrals at the lower camp it was dark and still. The sombre shadows of the bosky ravines threw a pall of inky blackness about

(Continued on Page 26)



A Worth-While Gift WILL BE A GARMENT FROM GRILLS & CO.

She will appreciate it for the assurance of quality of genuine worth.

And she will doubly appreciate it because you selected a store known for its moderate prices.

OUR SUPERB FURS

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As well as our stock of dainty dresses and waists, ranging from formal to informal wear.

Present a magnificent selection from which to select a gift that will please her.

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Keep the little ones warm and healthy.
The most sensible gift for them.

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FURS AND READY-TO-WEAR

PHONE 3727

1843 SCARTH ST.

Ap-pi-no-kom-mit

(Continued from Page 4)

"WE were divided into two parties of 150 each, Ap-pi-no-kom-mit taking one, Kris-to-koom-e-po-ka taking the other. The latter party was to follow the Coulee. We were then in till they came to where it spread out into the valley, that the camp was situated in; the other was to go along the edge of the timber, to a point near the camp; when at a given signal both parties were to rush the camp from nearly opposite directions, and meet in the centre as nearly as was possible. Women and children would be spared if they did not take part in the battle.

"My friend, then" was the time to see our leader, to see how easy it was for men to recognize him as one born to be a warrior. My little detail was forgotten and every man knew just what to do. "The Crees have made it easy for us," he said, "so small a camp should have scouts out all the time." Do not think that we were long at the place where we then were. A man could not count many till we were away with swift running feet; but I like to remember that little bit of time, to remember how I felt the fire of coming battle in my heart, and my joy thereat, to remember my sad faced young brother as he sat on the pile our clothing made, and our leader, his proud head high, his war plumes quivering in the cold bright sunlight, his glances everywhere. Surely his eyes reached the hearts of those upon whom they fell, and he was able to read their very thought.

"The last garment was scarcely on the pile and my brother seated when the word was given and each party with swiftly silent rush, glided to its appointed place, to await the final signal, for their onward rush. I was with the party to the left, that of Kris-to-koom-e-po-ka. Already in fancy did I hear the shouts of victory, could see in advance the brave deeds that were to be recounted at the next Medicine Lodge, and I thought of one pair of bright eyes and of how the red blood would rush to the cheek of one who would be there as she listened with happy heart to the tale of all that I had done that I might say that I was a warrior, great enough to claim her for my own, my wife. My heart was filled with those happy thoughts.

"Scarcely had we reached the appointed place, when on the glad morning air, out rang the clear signal, the proud war cry of our nation. For one brief moment silence reigned. Hushed was the happy song of the women in the timber gathering wood, hushed was the neigh of horse, or bark of dog, hushed the laughter of children, hushed by that dread sound. Only the sun shone and the white snow glistened, while upward curled the dark smoke from the teepees; for the space of time that a man could clap his hand, the world seemed at peace. Then from 300 throats there burst again that cry; this time a roar; sprang every man forward glistening teeth and bloodshot eyes, on their lips the cry; rush, rush, rush, like a mad muddy river, through mountain gorge; rushing forms uplifted hands, waving plumes, the fierce cry still on their lips: 'A-a-ha he ha, A-a-ha he ha, I you i yo ho, Ha koc e mat, Ha koc e mat. Spum o kit, spum o kit, a sou ke tap, pe, I yo ho I yo ho.'

"Oh, the wild rush, the roar of our voices, the glad joy of it all. Forth from the teepees rush our foes to meet us. A flight of arrows if some fell we knew it not; then hand to hand we force them back, not man to man, but ten to one, they are but as flies

that bar our onward rush, though bravely they fought with spear and axe and knife. Oh, the fierce joy as we saw them backward borne, and heard our brothers' voices from the other side, and knew that the day was nearly won.

"But, hush, listen, what sound is that that rises above the battle's roar. Look! Look! Back! Back for your lives to the Coulee, back. Take cover with maddened desperate voice each cries to all. One glance enough. With mighty roar a thousand horsemen's onward rush tell all that death is by us. 'All keep together,' our leader cries, 'as we gain the Coulee's shelter; and we feel that he still has hope and turn to face our new foe-men.

"It was this way, my friend: In the bend of the river below, but hidden from view, was a Cree camp, so large that it could turn out a thousand and fighting men in almost a moment; and as at that time of day, you know all of the horses were in camp, it took but a short time for help to reach the smaller camp. Ap-pi-no-kom-mit's idea for attacking at the time he did was because he knew that at that time all of the horses would be in camp, and trouble would be saved in getting them together. We could tell by the sound that the other half of our party was also retreating, by the sound of guns of which the Crees had five or six, also our other party had four, we having been able to trade for a few the year before when we made annual trade at the House of the North Traders on the Big River. My friend, I said, we were only dressed in our breech-clothes and moccasins, that was not true, for I also had on a shirt which I had bought from the traders at the same time. It was made of cotton and only reached to my belt, but I found it a great comfort as you shall see.

"Al he ha! - I see it all now. The rush for our lives for the coulee and cover. Breathless, gasping, as we reached it, we turned in time to stop them by a flight of arrows and a desperate charge with axe and knife; so close were they that many horses were killed with the axe as they jammed in the gorge of the coulee in their mad haste to trample us under their feet. Ah! the fighting there! three times they charged us there; three times we met them; they on horseback, we on foot, meeting them, springing among their horses, braining them, pulling them off their horses, plunging our knives in their hearts. I yo ho, I yo ho! I am there now. I see the heap of dead and dying, horses in heaps of blood everywhere the bright sunshine, the white snow, with its trail of crimson where our foes fled back; my head whirling, froth is in my mouth, they come again; their third mad charge; I hear the roar as we rush to meet them. Ha koc e mat; I yo ho! I am among the horses, I seize a foeman by the arm, and drag him from his horse. My knife drinks of his life blood, I yo ho! I slash at a passing horse. He is down, his entrails rolling on the ground. I seize his rider by the hair. A blow from someone's axe spatters his brains in my face. I laugh. They are gone. Gasping for breath I pull one of my friends from under a dead horse. Our leader's voice attracts me. His voice tells me it is he, else I should not know him. He is red from head to foot. 'Take cover,' he shouts. 'They come on foot, and will try the bow.' But when they did this no damage was done on account of our shelter in the

(Continued on Page 31)

An Interesting Item

(Clipped from the Regina Morning Leader of November, 15th)



MR. A. G. ORCHARD.

The New President of the Optometrical Association of Saskatchewan

"It's a Boy," was the verdict in one anxious household in the Empire's capital back in the year 1867. "It's a girl," was the announcement in another. No, they can scarcely be described as twins; but A. G. Orchard and this young and lusty Dominion of Canada are the same age.

At the mature age of two, the youthful Orchard boy grew tired of life in London, England—incidentally also of the constant chiming of Bow Bells—and decided to live with his Canadian sister. The family had to give in to him, as he was of masterful disposition. At his direction, they

decided to accompany him. New-castle, Ont., looked good to him as a place of residence in those days when he was young and unsophisticated. Later on, he learned better—but that is another story.

Although Regina people know him as an optometrist, it was the drug business that he learned originally and it was the drug business that he followed for thirty-five years in Ontario and the west. Back in the nineties he came west to Indian Head, where he still has a thriving drug store.

But selling pills and squills and compounding prescriptions, did not satisfy him entirely. He commenced the thorough study of optics and he has been a practising optician in this Saskatchewan country probably for a longer period than any of his contemporaries.

In January, 1917, Mr. Orchard came to Regina to open an optical shop. Naturally, he found his business home in a drug store. Up to the present he has been in Kelly's drug store. He has just removed to the Kerr Block on Scarth Street, in the premises formerly occupied by the Ozark Cafe.

Back in 1910 Saskatchewan passed the Optometry Act designed to regulate the profession and protect the public against unqualified practitioners. Mr. Orchard was appointed one of the council of five to administer the act. The other members were Chas. McClung of Prince Albert, H. S. McClung of Regina, A. J. Harrison of Moosomin and J. A. MacKenzie of Moose Jaw.

At the last meeting of the Optometrical Association of Saskatchewan Mr. Orchard was elected its President.



Trust Company Service Will Guard Your Estate

An executor ought to be available at all times to attend to the affairs of the estate in his charge.

The personal friend whom you might make your executor may die before his administration is complete. He may fall sick and be unable to attend to the business of the estate. Or he may be unavoidably absent on business of his own.

A trust company is always "on guard."

Write for our Booklets.

National Trust Company
Limited

Capital Paid-up, \$1,500,000

Reserve \$1,600,000

Canada Life Building, Regina

"SMOKE"

(Continued from Page 24)

the muddled and trampled enclosures. There was no cheerful noise of tenancy, either from human or beast. A circling night bird was betrayed by the curious sibilancy of its wings; and twice a mallard drake, on a river pool, voiced fretfully an uneasy sense of human nearness.

To Smoke's Indian perception the signs were plain. He tied his horse to a young poplar at the edge of a bluff, and rifle in the slope of his arm, came swiftly among the corrals, as nebulous as a flickering shadow.

No one ever explained the details of what happened down there that night. The gay young buck who knew, greeted the cold glimmers of the dawn with wide sightless eyes. Smoke and his wife could also have furnished some information about the happenings in that sinister place of turbulent love and quick, inevitable death; but they were not presently available as witnesses.

About half an hour after Smoke had entered those pitchy corrals, he stalked silently and proudly back to his horse, and his wife walked at his heels. Without any attempt at concealment he swung himself to the saddle and took the track to the agency at the lope. His wife ran free and strong like a native wild thing at his stirrup. She had cast the calico skirt of the trading store for freedom, and her young dusky limbs were naked to the night.

Smoke, following the wisdom of the white man, was only the object of her contempt, but when he tore her, strong, wrathful and barbarous, from the arms of her light o'love, and pausing a moment to kill, as an Indian, her hot, savage blood leaped in response. She did not waste a second thought on the poor carrion that so lately had been her lover.

Smoke was under no illusions as to the justice of the white man. He knew what would follow. Daylight would tell its tale and the red-coated riders would travel hot on his trail. At one stroke he had cast off civilization. He knew he would be harried and hunted like a beast; but he was conscious of no feeling of fear or depression.

On the contrary, he exulted in what he had done. He bestrode a good horse, his belt was full of cartridges, the country swept wide and free with many a lurking place, and his woman was his own again.

Every Indian instinct was awakened and he rode, once more in fancy with the war parties of his youth. Let the troopers take him if they could, he would at the worst pass as a warrior fighting. That would be better than a slow old age in a wooden house, and the camp jeering at him for the infidelities of his woman.

THE ESCAPE

V.

THERE was however, several hours to daylight, and prudence counselled the forehanded use of them.

I do not think that a word was spoken between the couple during the five mile run to the agency, near which Smoke's shack was situated. He eased his pony when occasion demanded, and his wife slowed up in accordance. She displayed no sign of distress, and seemed as enduring as the horse. Smoke paid her no attention, but was pleasantly and ac-

cutely aware of her presence and devotion.

The pair came silently to their own place and instantly fell to preparations for a journey.

Darkness still had some hours to run when they pulled out to the foothills.

Smoke rode a little in advance, his belted blanket about him, and the rifle snug in the hollow of his right arm. He was mounted on a tall, upstanding buckskin, which he bestrode with the native grace of an instinctive horseman. His wife followed on a sturdy pinto, and she trailed a pack horse after her.

In the first clean freshness of a windy dawn the little cavalcade came to the edge of the last terrace before the climbing foothills merged into the forest of the Eastern slopes of the Rockies.

Smoke drew rein, while the woman passed onward and out of sight.

The gusty western wind escaping with the morning from its pent house in a great mountain defile, rustled through the dry prairie grass; the Eastern sky paled and lightened; and the deep-dull glow of the coming sun was reflected from the summit of Chief Mountain, which from its isolation has looked down on the country of the Blackfoot people since their history began.

Silent and immovable as a graven statue Smoke sat on his horse, and threw an eagle glance of pride and power over the country that had been his fathers'. From his elevated position he could see a great swelling vista of rolling land—of table land and valley, and hill and fertile plain. With his horse and his weapons and his bearing of a warrior, he looked like the very apotheosis of the ancient spirit of the plains.

Then as the sun sent its first red heralds over the rim of the sky line, he wheeled his buckskin and galloped on out of the scene.

Of course when news of the killing was brought to the officer of the Mounted Police at Fort MacLeod, the plains and valleys were beaten for the fugitives. Everything pointed to Smoke as the offender, but the dead man had been a bad Indian, a trouble maker, and all the camps knew of his relations with the woman. The Indian agent, a Scotchman of discernment, appreciated Smoke and had cordially detested his victim. Perhaps therefore, after the first hue and cry, the search was not kept up with any great degree of enthusiasm. Indeed, it is quite probable that had Smoke been taken at that time he might not have been very severely dealt with. At any rate he was not then captured.

He knew a secure place away up one of the defiles of the Swift Current Canyon, and there he passed the winter. Food there was aplenty. The stately elk came out in bands in the parks between the jack pine trees; beavers were on mountain, lake and river; and the ravines were full of prairie chicken that called to each other gregariously from the tree tops on frosty mornings. The grassy sides of the coulees were wind swept bare of snow and the horses wintered well in their hobbles.

Smoke for some time kept a vigilant watch for pursuers, but none came, and he devoted himself to a belated honeymoon. His wife yielded herself his slave. It was the native tradition and she wanted her man to be her master.

(Continued on Page 27)

Cut Out The Drudgery Of Washing at Home

Send it to the Laundry

The times have brought new and trying problems to women—problems that have multiplied the cares of housekeeping.

A scarcity of help, too, has tended to increase domestic difficulties.

While acting as mother and business manager in the home, the modern woman must also give ear nowadays to appeals of the community for welfare work and social service.

To save time and meet these many demands being made

upon her, she must simplify household methods—and this she can do if she will avail herself of the help the laundry industry offers.

It is this industry that of mornings sends millions of business men to their offices with spotless collars. Thousands of hospitals are dependent upon it for their daily supplies of sterilized linens. From it thousands of hotels secure their acres of immaculate napery. By it a million workers are clothed thrice a week in aprons and coats of snowy white.

This industry which for half a century, has kept the world of business "dressed up," is ready to extend the benefits of its services to the homes of women of Regina—and to assume for both the burden of the family washing.

It is well qualified for this mission. Old laundry methods have been refined and perfected to a degree that even the most conscientious laundress cannot excel. Boiling and bleaching, for example, have been replaced with improved methods of sousing and rinsing in water of velvety softness and suds of creamy white.

If you seek leisure for more devotion to your children and increased participation in other of the bigger things of life, could anything be simpler than to pack your washday troubles in a laundry bag? Or could anything be more satisfying than to have your family washing returned sweetly clean and beautifully finished all without labor in the home?

This leisure, and this superior laundry service can be yours. If washday worries fret you, send your family bundle to the laundry.

Phone 4295 or 5031

THE REGINA STEAM LAUNDRY

1924 Rose Street



"SMOKE"

(Continued from Page 26)

THE HIDDEN VALLEY VI.

THE spring came, and when the horses grew smooth sided and sleek with the young tender grass, Smoke's wandering instinct stirred within him. The hunt had died down; and he looked from his eyrie on the sweeping prairie with hungry longing; for the Blackfeet are a plains people, and the mountains affile them. Besides he wanted converse with his own folk; they would never betray him.

But he listened to the counselling of his woman, and they turned their backs on their native region, and penetrated farther through the defiles of the Rockies.

They found lonely valleys, cloven in the sides of the tumbled ranges, where there was sweet grass for the horses; where the elk came out in stately bands; where the big horn crossed at dawn on their way from mountain to mountain; and where there was neither human presence nor habitation.

Smoke still carried intact the fifty or more shining cartridges which had glittered in his leather belt, the night of his flight. They were kept with forethought for the day of danger and although the carbine was cared for carefully, it was never fired.

He used for a firearm a long, single barrell'd, smooth bore which he loaded with shot for the ducks and wild fowl and with round balls for bigger game. Indians are economical hunters, and the big powder horn, with the wooden stopper, he had brought away with him was still three parts full.

After a summer spent in these happy and remote hunting grounds, the approach of snow warned the wanderers to the lower levels; and they came back to the place where they had passed the previous winter.

They reached their old camping ground late one menacing evening. It was unseasonably cold, and a bitter wind with particles of sharp snow stung them as they came along the mountain wall and down the pass. It was a hard journey, and humans and animals alike were glad when they found harborage in the grassy basin which, surrounded by timber and wall-sided rocks, provided shelter from the snow laden wind, which boomed in the rocky fissures of the canyon.

Smoke, despite his years, seemed made of iron, and showed no sign of fatigue. His wife was wearied, and did not go about the task of making camp with her usual activity. Smoke spoke little to her but helped her hobble the horses and chop firewood; no small concession on the part of an old time Indian.

They rested snugly enough; but in the morning Smoke saw signs that disturbed him. Cattle had been in the little valley, and that recently. They had been followed by men who rode shod horses. There were the cold remains of little fires about, and Smoke knew that the running iron had been most unlawfully in use. Some one else had found the secret lurking place.

However, there was no one in sight now. Strangers could only approach from the plains, and Smoke from his vantage point so high up could spy anyone coming long before their arrival. Then winter was coming down and they might be left unmolested until spring.

So they made themselves comfortable.

During their wanderings they had relapsed into the old Indian customs. I think Smoke prided himself upon this. He had left the road of the white man, and he and his women were roving along the ancient trail of their people.

One ominous day, when the sky was leaden and low, and the wind in uneven chilly gusts was sending the tops of the pine trees tossing in scurrying waves, Smoke came down from his eyrie that commanded the plains, and the lower opening of the pass. He cast a quick look at the woman, who was walking heavily backwards and forwards in the glade, her head shrouded in her blanket. He stepped silently to the shelter which they had raised, and, picking up the Winchester carbine, commenced to fill the magazine with shells from his belt.

The woman's time was hard on her, and whilst her man was looking to his arms, she walked out of the clearing into the woods. According to the ancient custom of her people, and like the other wild creatures, she was looking for a solitary place.

She did not come back.

Smoke brought in the horses, gathered the camp gear, and made up the pack. This done, he saddled the horses, led them some distance through the timber where he tied them; then he came back and destroyed as far as possible all evidences of the camp.

During the work he never laid aside the rifle.

Then he betook himself to his vantage point.

Evening was falling gloomy and tempestuous. Two men were riding up the pass, and they were urging their laggard horses with many a look to the rear. Smoke hid behind a boulder, and they passed quite close. They went by the little opening of the secret valley, and pressed on into the storm and gloom. Smoke let them go; and he strained his eyes down the pass for the FEAR that he knew rode at their heels.

Very soon he heard the ring of shod horses on the rocky way, and the jingle of arms and accoutrements. Five riders were coming, and they leaned and looked ahead.

The Indian did not need an interpreter for the drama. The first horsemen were rustlers—robbers of the range—and they were riding far and fast before an armed party of ranchers whose herds they had plundered.

As they came opposite the mountain creek that made the opening to the little valley, the cavalcade halted.

A big man in a high stetson and short buffalo riding coat, spoke with authority. Smoke could hear every word. He knew the man. He was big Ed Pearson, the detective of the Stock Growers' Association, and he had the authority of a special of the North-West Mounted Police.

"There is a place hereabouts," he said, "where they may have been holding a bunch. I think I lapped them with my glasses farther up the pass, but it won't do to take a chance. Do any of you boys know the way into the draw?"

Apparently none of them did, and the big range rider swore vigorously.

"Fine bunch you are?" he said disgustedly. "You're not on your own ranges, although you've been in the country since Chief Mountain

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Christmas Suggestions

Furs Make an Ideal Gift For Women

And there's nothing they appreciate more.

We have some beautiful Fur Coats, Sets and individual pieces.

The next choice is something very select in Ready-to-wear Garments—We have them—a splendid assortment.

For Him

We have Fur Coats, Caps, Collars, Mitts, etc.

Misses and Children

Fur Garments, assorted.

Our Furs are made from hand-picked pelts selected for their superior quality. Bought direct from the trapper. You cannot obtain better anywhere.

"The Style Centre of the West"

BARRIES, Limited

1758 Hamilton Street

Manufacturing Furriers

To all our friends and patrons,
we wish you one and all

A Merry Christmas

and

A Happy and Prosperous New Year

Anderson Lunney & Co., Limited

REAL ESTATE, LOANS and
INSURANCE

CANADA LIFE BLDG.

REGINA

Where the Mind Relaxes and Dull Care takes a Holiday

THE citizens of modern Regina today sit in comfortable theatres, and are able to enjoy high-class performances in almost every class of entertainment known to the modern stage. Perhaps it is seldom these citizens turn back to yesterday and ask themselves what the founders of the great capital of the plains had in the way of enjoyment. In this short revue it is the purpose to recount some of the early history, some of the development, and to dwell on the present day amusements in theatricals in the capital.

Musty files reveal that the first performance by professionals dates back to 1896. There may have been performances before that, but records do not say so, and if there were, then valuable history is lost. In those days a small hall could be rented, but the actual day of amusement was somewhere in 1903, when Tom Marks, his dog and a supporting company, brought to Reginans "mellerdrammer" of the mellowest type. Tom was an actor nevertheless, and made many friends here. His performances always drew large crowds, about 300 people.

The first "opera house" the city can boast of was the old city hall, corner of Scarth Street and Eleventh Avenue. Such notable successes as the "Bonnie Brier Bush," "East Lynne," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and classics of the old days were the attractions in this "opera house."

In 1908 the Edison Theatre, a picture house, was opened in the McCarthy Block on Broad Street, and here for two years the public of the city were given the big successes of the film world.

In 1910 the present Regina Theatre, the oldest in the city, was built. In those days it was magnificence itself, and has remained a place where many of the stage's greatest personages have delighted the people of the Queen of the Prairies.

From tabloid musical comedy to grand opera is a far stretch, but these and everything in between them have been given in the Regina.

In the matter of development, there stands one man among all others who has stood through the palmy days, through the dark days, and at all times has made every effort to give clean amusement to the theatre patrons of Regina. This is Barney Groves. The history of the stage practically begins with Regina's official bill poster of 1905. Yesteryears have no regrets, 'tis said, and in the case of Barney he has no regrets for yesteryears.

From the city hall, the first place where legitimate performances were given, Regina has watched the development of the Regina Theatre, the new city hall auditorium, and the Sherman Theatre, where stock is now being played.

In the movies Regina started with a black tent and a crude film service and watched the development right to the top of film features. The big spectacles have been brought here and today the city has three splendid film houses, controlled by the Allen

enterprises, who operate a chain of theatres in Canada, from coast to coast to which must be added the Roseland, where films and vaudeville are offered the public.

In the "history" of the stage in Regina one cannot help referring to the eminent celebrities who visited the city. Such were Edward Terry, Frederick Villiers, Madame Nordica, Schumann-Heinke, Kocian, Max Dill, Albert Chevallier, Olga Nethersole, Willard Mack, Pat Gilmore, Lawrence D'Orsay, Henry Woodruff, Margaret Anglin, William Faversham, May Robson, Margaret Illington, Billie Taylor, De Wolfe-Hopper, Lew Wallace, John McCormack, Maude Adams, Robert Mantell, Martin Harvey, Clara Butt, Kennerly Rumbold, Lawrence Irving, Sir Johnston Forbes Robert, son and Captain Scott.

Besides these the artists of the San Carlo Opera Company have been here on two occasions and are booked for three days this year. Among the bright stars with the well known opera company are Salazar, Elizabeth Amsden, Queena Mario, Stella De Mette, and Giuseppe Agostini.

Variety has had a splendid run in Regina. Orpheum was the first circuit to open and many of the noted stars of vaudeville performed here. This was followed by Western Time, a smaller circuit, but one which furnished many of the acts now playing Pantages time, the present circuit in Regina. On Pantages time such artists as Ruth St. Denis, Sonia de Calve, and many lesser lights have delighted the theatre patrons.

Stock companies have always been well patronized. One can go back to the days of George Summers, The Allen Players, with Verna Felton, one of the best emotional actresses of the day, the Eckhardt Players and now the Sherman Company headed by George Summers. Regina has been fortunate in stock, the best of the modern successes and those old favorites which will ever live, having been presented in a highly commendable way.

In musical comedy, practically every show of note during the past eight years has been given here, if not all of them, at least all of the best.

Despite the fact that Regina has never obtained a reputation as a musical city, the people have been able to hear good music here. In this particular line of entertainment, rather should it be said, development of an art, Regina is strictly dilatory. There should be a big band or two in Regina there should be a big musical society, in fact there is no reason in the world why Regina should not possess all that is best in music, for the artists are here and it only takes a little initiative, co-operation, and good-will to have here a musical organization on which the eyes of the world could be drawn.

In passing, let us refer to the efforts of the Regina Amateur Society, formed some years ago. This society has done much to develop amateur theatricals in Regina. It has met with success, especially in the presentation of those Gilbert and Sullivan productions which are known the world over. It has not, however, developed a noted stage star. Let us throw out the suggestion that this might be done, for Regina can surely produce as good as any other city.



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Music in the Canadian Home

By F. LAUBACH

"There is music in the sighing of a reed,
There is music in the gushing of a rill,
There is music in all things, if men had ears;
Their earth is but the echo of the spheres."

—Don Juan.

OPPORTUNITY IN MUSIC

RECONSTRUCTION is a word on everybody's lips at the present time, but who can venture to tell us what it means or what state of society will result from the change which the whole world feels is about to take place as a result of recent events in Europe?

The musical world feels it as much as any other of the influences which go to make up our daily existence. But while it is not necessary to go into the matter here from the political side we should like to say a few words as to the position which music holds in our midst and try to find a trend or line of action which we hope would effect an improvement in the status which this art holds at the present.

Music, and its more general adoption in the Canadian home seems to offer a subject to one who has resided among its people for a good number of years, to make a digest of how it stands at present; a modest anticipation of what it might be, and what would be necessary to attain that modest anticipation.

However, before commencing our diagnosis a few words might be said regarding the necessity for this introspective attitude with regard to things musical. In case it might be said, "What good; we are quite satis-

fied with things as they are. We love our merry, sprightly rag time. It makes our toes twinkle and we wouldn't be without it at this merry Christmas time for all the 'high-brow' stuff even written. What if we do get many false accents through the syncope time—what if it makes no further demand upon our productive powers than are exercised by churning out the strains on a gramophone—we like it, we want it, and we are going to have it." To all this we answer in one word. Have it by all means. The modern North American is as fully entitled to his jazz band and rag time as is his negro cousin in the south from whom he derived it. He is as fully entitled to it as is the wandering arab to his Tom-tom or the Scots Highlander to his bagpipe, and while speaking of the bagpipe let us say that the Highlander has the advantage over the American in that he has had his rag or syncope time reduced to musical notation for a period of at least three hundred years before it was heard of on this continent. Yes, have your merry rags and enjoy them, and many a weary hour many they lighten.

But, with all this, it cannot be denied that man is a progressive animal. The Stone Age gave way to the Iron Age, the Tudors gave way to the Stuarts, even the House of Hanover is now a thing of the past. Long may the folk lore, folk song, and dance stay with us as elements of our various races and nationalities, but the progress of science and art are not to be held back by these traits of our nationalism. If, as we can safely affirm, tom-toms and bagpipes have made no artistic progress in the

last few centuries, should that therefore be the reason for the cessation of all progressive art in music? We hardly think that the most ardent raggist will venture to stop the hands of the clock. We hardly think that the door opened by Beethoven—to mention only one name—leads to a blind alley. We hardly think that our schools, universities, musical societies and community workers are striving to impart musical knowledge in vain.

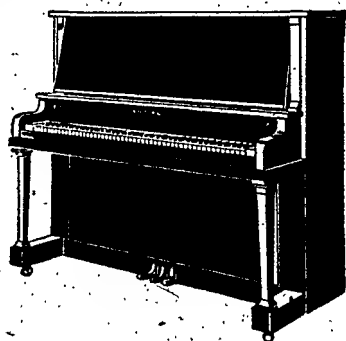
It is a known fact that taken over all, only three per cent. of the people have absolutely no ear for musical sounds, corresponding to the color blind in optics. That leaves us with an immense majority of people who are capable of playing, singing or listening to and enjoying music. Of the ninety-seven per cent. possibly only twenty-five are really gifted musically, but the point that it is desired most particularly to draw attention to in these days is that, of the large number of ninety-seven, all should at least have the opportunity for developing what is in them, musically. No doubt it is not in music alone that the opportunity should be given to bring out the best that may be latent in the make-up of our younger generation.

It is this opportunity to bring out, that we consider the true interpretation of the word "Education" and not the years of routine school work. When a course of study has been determined on, the pupil naturally either goes on to success or failure, but it is, we contend, in the bringing out period that the success or otherwise of our national system of education is fore-ordained.

"At what age do you think my daughter or my son ought to start taking music lessons?" is a question that every music teacher has been asked scores of times. The proper answer to that question is, "At its birth." At that time the child receives its first lesson in the

only correct method of voice production. For the rest, the mother's lullabye is the chief lesson required to ensure a musical family. Gradually father's fiddle or flute or mouth organ will attract the little one's attention, mother's childish pieces which she plays with one hand while holding baby on her knee with the other, nursery rhymes and other pretty little songs resounding through the house, varied with the season of the year—"Holy Night" at Christmas time and all about the bees and flowers in the summer time. Don't close the keyboard of your piano as many do. It is bad for the keys which will turn yellow and it is worse for the little ones whom you wish to make musical. Place no embargo on music. At a very small outlay you can purchase pretty little song books with an illustrated cover which will naturally be left open on the piano desk after mother has sung one over a few times. Children are imitative animals. It won't be long before you hear the little ones aping your own performance. When that happens—the deed is accomplished, only mind don't criticize, encourage fondly. From that point onward the work is easy; little by little a few more notes are gained. The child who has been kindly introduced to the piano will require no making—I might almost say—will require no lessons; it will be a case of self-teaching till one day the request will be heard coming from the child himself, "I ought to have some piano lessons." I could give instances where children have made such great progress in reading that lessons were unnecessary as a professional standard was not sought for. These are called self-taught musicians and a good example is to be found in the case of Dr. Crotch, principal of the Royal Academy of Music, London. At two years of age Crotch commenced to finger the organ, and at four years he was taken

(Continued on Page 38)



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ADVANCE SALE AT THEATRE BOX OFFICE 11 A.M. TO 10 P.M.

A WHOPPER *By WALLACE IRWIN*

The biggest whale was ever—
In fact I think there never
Was ever flopper-whopper larger growed on land or sea—
Was one we seen cavortin'
A-blowin and a snortin'
Right off the coast o' Greenland in the spring o' '93—

We seen 'im far from inland—
His tail stretched plum to Finland—
To see that million-pounder flop and flounder was a sight!
So we set out quite fancy
Upon the whaler *Nancy*,
To catch 'im and dispatch 'im and to bring 'im home ere night.

Upon the monster creepin',
(We thought that he was sleepin')
We coched 'im soon with our harpoon and jabbed 'im in the ear.
Then with a great commotion
He started for mid-ocean,
A-snaggin' us and draggin' us like jackstraws in the rear.

His size was so stoopunjus,
His speed was so treemenjus
We took the log which registered one-thousand knots per hour,
And gallant Captain Standish
Remarked: "This is outlandish—
I think, be-gum, we're gol'n' some," and looked a trifle sour.

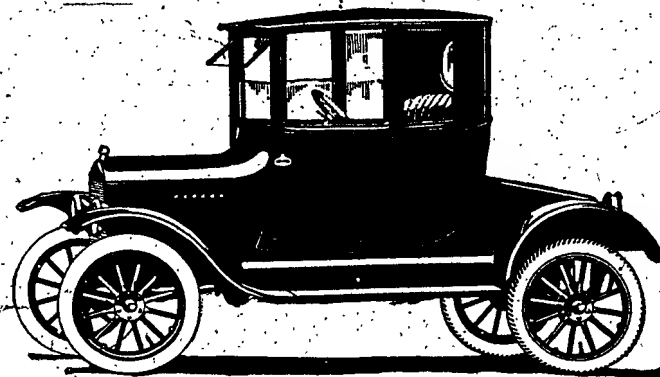
In less than half a day, sir,
We'd gone through Hudson Bay, sir,
Had jumped the Jute peninsula and passed the coast o' Maine;
The whale with strength unceasin'
His speed kep' on increasin',
Till with a sizz we went *gee-whizz* past Portugal and Spain.

Then came the thing we dreaded—
For Africa we headed.
"He'll bump into Gibraltar rock!" we cried, and held our breath.
But ere we thus were mangled
The whale became entangled—
He stuck in the Suez canal and choked himself to death.

Then soon each lazy lubber
Got busy boilin' blubber—
We stood in ranks and filled up tanks with all that we could boll.
And when we made a dicker
For that there precious lickin',
It made us independent rich and scared the Standard Oil.

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purchase of this supreme pleasure,
and this Christmas will be one to be
long remembered with gladness.

**Saskatchewan Motor Co.
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REGINA

SASK.

Ap-pi-no-kom-mit

(Continued from Page 25)

coulee. They fired arrows up into the air which, descending, wounded several. Then again the voice of our chief, 'Friends if we stay here some will die of cold, and the rest by these falling arrows. Let each two who are strong enough take a wounded one between them and march out three by three.'

"I GO first. They hem us in on all sides now. We must fight our way to the other party if any would survive. Keep close together and fight with axes and knives. Like a wounded grizzly we came forth. In an instant the foemen answered our war cry, and rushed to meet us. Mad was that fight. I do not remember much. I only know that as soon as we started another arrow slew the wounded one I helped to carry. Then I took his axe in my right hand, my knife in my left, and sprang to the front where I found our leader battling a road through a surging mass of Crees. By his side I swung the axe making clear the road. How long it was I cannot tell, but at last they again drew off, and only pestered us with arrows. Not far away we saw the other party slowly retreating carrying the wounded as we were. Some effort was made to keep us from joining them, but the cold was so great that their attack had lost much of its fierceness, and we soon joined the remnant of the other party.

"About this time fresh arrivals seemed to put more life into the enemy, and again they came charging down upon us, but we were prepared for them, Ap-pi-no-kom-mit having sent all the wounded to the front and formed a rear guard of the strongest men. Here I fought for a long time, again and again driving them back, till the sun was low in the west. Then said Ap-pi-no-kom-mit to me, 'Little Bear! you have strong limbs and can run fast; go ahead of the people to the place where we were camped this morning. Tell any you find there to go on to the large grove of timber we passed through last night. You go there ahead of the rest and build large fires to keep them warm. The Crees have all our clothing. Be swift or many will die of the cold.'

"So I ran as fast as I could, passing the wounded ones, giving them my message, till at last there was but one track and the trail of blood for me to follow. Soon I saw one running in front of me, not steadily, but like one drunk; and as I overtook him I glanced at his face. He was a boy of about 15 years. A shot gun at close range had blown the whole of his under jaw away, and his tongue was hanging on his breast. Great icicles of blood and saliva were frozen to it and his breast. I looked but once at him, then hurried on. He never reached our camp. He would first get too weak to run, then go to sleep with the cold. I never want to see one like him again. Even now, sometimes I dream and see again the look in his eyes as I passed him, and I oftentimes think he thought me a coward running away seeing I had no wounds, and did not stop to give him aid. He could not know that the lives of all depended on me. For now that the heat of battle was past, we were retreating, all of the wounded and many of the others were sure to lie down and die of the cold if they could not get to a fire, where they could rest and warm themselves in their exhausted condition while we bound the hurts of the wounded.

"As I ran, my heart almost seemed to die, as I thought of all that was before us. Without clothes for five

long days and nights must those who were strong enough struggle on before we could hope to reach home and safety; and all this must be done without food except such as might chance to come in our way. No hope for the weak or wounded. They must fall and die, no matter how much we loved them. I had little fear of the Crees; the weather was too cold for them to bother us much after today. Even now their pursuit was but half hearted. Of course, a party was sure to follow us, to get the scraps of those who fell behind, but they would be sure that none could survive the cold, they would sooner that we would die the death of a dog freezing than to give us the death of a warrior in battle.

"Do you wonder that my heart was sad and sick? The sun was low in the west when I arrived at the grove where the fires were to be built and my heart gained some comfort here, for I found some sweat lodges, made out of the raw hides of buffalo. These would give some shelter to the wounded, as we could build large fires outside of them; and they would be warmer than in the open air. Besides, the hair could be used to stuff the mouth of their wounds, and stop bleeding. I cut a large quantity of the hair off one of the hides after I had started a large fire and tying my sleeves at the ends and putting my belt very tight over the bottom of my shirt, I stuffed the hair inside, thereby making my body warm.

"Soon the people began to arrive, the hurt ones first; and among them O-tot-to-ye, the brother of her I hoped to make my wife. It was easy to see that he could never live to reach his home. Bright red blood flowed from a hole in his breast, while an arrow had penetrated through his entrails, and was lodged in his backbone. It was a stout heart that had brought him so far. Ah-ha-ha-ha! Our hearts were heavy. In silence we worked to staunch the blood, or bind the hurt of all who required such help. At last came our leader with the rear guard. I looked around to see how we had fared; alas, more than half were lying in the snow behind us; and of those who were there, more than half bore many wounds; but I took fresh heart from the stern faces there, for I could read in them the fierce resolve to live; and when summer suns were come, to return; with the avengers, when, woe betide our foemen.

"Before dawn the order came to march, the strong to help the weak. Some had died during the night. These we placed in a line, facing the way our foemen were sure to come; that they might, even in death, look in the face of those they hated.

"I and a friend took O-tat-to-ye, who was much fainter, and lifted him to his feet, each of us placing an arm about him, while we held his arm over our shoulder by the other hand. We had gone but a few paces when he requested us to take him back to the camping ground, and place him on the ground near the fire. This we did. Then, said he, 'take half of my breech cloth, and place it over my face.' This done, he said: 'Make haste, to go, the Crees will soon be here. Do not look back, but go.' As we went I heard his voice calling my name, but even weaker. He said as I stood by him again, 'Take the cloth from my face.' I did. 'Kiss me,' he said. This done, 'Now place the cloth once more. I would not see them when they come.' I then joined the others; nor did I once look back.

"Friend, do you know how my heart felt then? Have you ever felt a

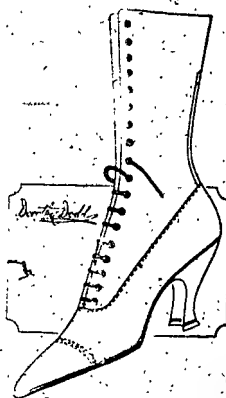
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Shoes

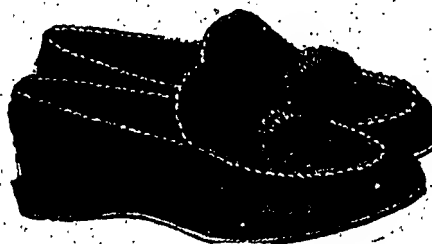
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The Regina Brokerage & Investment Co., Ltd., was organized for the purpose of discounting Agreements of Sale and Mortgages, and also to conduct a general Real Estate and Financial business. The company has been very successful and its investments have now grown to large proportions. The financial standing of the company enables it to pay the most favorable prices possible for Mortgages and Agreements of Sale and to handle almost unlimited numbers of these securities. This department of the company's business is under the personal direction of Mr. G. W. Smith, managing director. Three years ago the company bought out the insurance business and agency connection of The Rounding Land Company, Limited, thus adding a fully-equipped Insurance Department. This department is under the direction of Murdoch S. McLeod, and represents a number of the leading insurance and bonding companies, writing all lines of insurance and Surety Bonds.

Owing to the large clientele the company has built up and the general expansion in all departments, the company have found it necessary to open up a separate department to handle its Real Estate business. They are fortunate in having secured the services of Capt. Howell Smith, M.C. to manage this department. Capt. Smith was in the real estate business for eleven years prior to the war, and since his return has been connected with the Soldiers' Settlement Board as land inspector and valuator. Capt. Smith is himself an experienced farmer, having successfully operated several farms in this Province.

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"SMOKE"

(Continued from Page 27)

was a hole in the ground. Anyway, we can't pass it up. Keep moving up the canyon, I'll take a look in here, and then follow you. I think I know the way."

ALMOST before he had finished speaking, he had leaned his bridle hand on the neck of his powerful horse, and clattered up the draw.

The other men bunched together, and with the intent onward look, which always distinguishes man hunters proceeded on their way.

Quick as Pearson's decision had been, Smoke was before him into the hidden valley. He crouched at the edge of the timber, and quietly and with infinite precaution ran a shell from the magazine into the chamber of the rifle.

Pearson rode evenly into the amphitheatre, and cast a keen cool eye around. He was a big stout man, but he sat deep in his saddle as if he had been moulded to it. He held the loose ends of his reins long and high in his left hand and guided his horse by almost imperceptible neck pressure. The animal seemed to respond to his slightest movement. On coming into shelter, he had loosened the lower fastenings of his short buffalo coat, and his right hand was resting easily on his hip close to the butt of his pistol.

Smoke watched his every movement intently.

The gloom of a lowering day was rapidly merging into darkness, but there was still sufficient light for Pearson to observe the signs of recent human tenancy. His keen and trained observation soon convinced him that he had struck a recent Indian camp, and he was not out hunting Indians. Furthermore, the Indian signs were a pretty good indication that the white men he was after had not made their hide in that place.

He had turned his horse about and was ready to ride away when he heard a movement in the trees. Instantly he wheeled and froze to stillness. His right hand came away from his hip and the big forty-five was in it.

He listened intently. It was eerie in the silence there. The wind for the moment had died away, and everything was listening. Nothing stirred, and Pearson was about to resume his way under the impression that the movement had been made by a wolf or deer, or some other wild denizen of the wilderness.

At that moment a wind squall whirled through the little glen, making the rocks and tunnels vocal with its crying.

Then clear and unmistakable, out of the heart of the gust, came a thrilling human cry. It started low at first and seemed to gather with vital agony; then it was cut off as with a mighty effort.

Pearson was brave as men of his kind are but the place, the gloom, and that high quivering note, unlike anything he had ever heard, all combined to make his flesh creep. He waited a moment for something to happen, then, pistol in hand, he sent his spurs home and bounded his horse forward in the direction of the sound.

Smoke crouched in the trees before him. He was the primitive Blackfoot—the wanderer of the wilderness—defending his female in the hour of her agony from approach and intrusion.

Had Pearson understood the situation it is likely that he would have

gone on his way. With all his boldness, he was not without a native sense of propriety, and he respected the prejudices of the Indians. As it was, he only knew that a strange human sound had come from the dark recesses of the trees, and he wanted its interpretation. He leaped from his horse, and leaving it standing with outflung reins and drooping head, advanced into the timber.

Smoke knew this big man was like lightning with a gun, so he did not show himself. He cried a warning from his cover in the Blackfoot tongue; but Pearson either did not understand or care, and strode on through the trees. The Indian waited very composedly until his bulky body showed against a patch of wan light, and then shot him through the middle. As he fell, the stricken man fired twice, but his bullets went wide.

As the big stock man lay huddled on the frozen ground Smoke fired two more shots into him. Then he went swiftly in the direction of the horses.

When it was dark, they moved slowly down the watercourse, and took a meagre cattle track down to the plains. Smoke rode ahead leading the pack horse, his rifle in the crook of his arm, the very personification of vigilance the woman was behind on her single footing pinto, with her man child held close from the cold beneath her blanket next her skin.

THE KILLING OF THE SERGEANT VII.

OF course the whole country was up at the news of the killing. Ed Pearson had been a person of consequence in the cattle country, and was besides well esteemed and popular.

He was dead and cold when his men found him. They were experienced and could read the signs. No white man's work this, and the killing was attributed to the proper quarter. Smoke had done it; that was all; and the hue and cry was raised.

When the news was brought to Fort MacLeod, the "boot and saddle" rang through the barracks of the Royal North-West Mounted Police. It was near midnight but Sergeant Major Churchill ran through the men's barrack room kicking up the troopers.

In almost less time that it takes to tell various parties were riding hot foot through the barracks gates.

There was nothing perfunctory about the search. The word of the Commanding Officer had gone forth that Smoke must be taken, alive if possible, but if that could not be done, then dead. Not the youngest trooper of the force thought of doubting it. It was an order to get their man and must be accomplished.

For a day or so Smoke and his family lay hid and the woman gained back her strength. Smoke, most of the time stood watch; but sometimes contemplated the child that had come to him amidst these turmoils and alarms.

Then the search came too close and they fared forth again, travelling vast distances in a night to place their pursuers at fault.

The baby had been bedded in a native mossbag, strapped with rawhide thongs to his mother's saddle.

The police were everywhere. Morn-

(Continued on Page 34)



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"SMOKE"

(Continued from Page 33)

ing would show their red coats, and the gleam of their weapons on some ridge that rolled up like a giant wave to the mountains; all day they rode the plains and searched each draw and watercourse. Every party had a Blackfoot scout that could follow a cold trail at the lope, and could read like big print the tale of trampled grass or broken twigs.

Still Smoke was not taken, although there were rumours of his presence everywhere. A rancher at Standoff called out by the barking of his dogs, had seen a shadowy horseman thunder past at the gallop, and in the stream of light from the open door was certain he recognized the buckskin. He saddled up and brought his news to the barracks at Fort MacLeod but in a few hours came the story of a Mormon's wife at Lee's Creek fifty miles way, who had seen the strange company of three pass silently along the trail at the corner of the corral. She was not mistaken. She had gone out in the night to minister to a sick animal and was standing in the stable door with her lantern when that weird procession went by.

She was afraid; but they never looked at her; just passed on like dark mysterious things of the night. Smoke, as always, rode in advance with the rifle; his wife led the pack horse; and the child slept in the moss bag at the saddle horn.

The weather kept them out of the mountains, where there was game; and now the remains of many a good steer began to be found on the

range. The hand of civilization was against the Indian, and its goods were fair spoil.

Once the police almost had him. A small patrol was crossing the St. Mary's River opposite a little peninsula, that covered with tangled bush merged its landward side in several ravines coming down from the cut banks. They were halted by a rifle bullet from this lurking place. They took cover and opened fire, but they had no mark to shoot at and it is not likely they did any damage. A bullet from the ambush killed a police horse and ripped the strap from the shoulder of the officer in command of the party.

At length after drawing no more fire they rushed the place, but found nothing except the remains of a camp.

The officer in command at MacLeod swore long and bitterly at them for a tenderfoot bunch. Ottawa and Regina were aroused and bitter telegrams were keeping the wires hot. No wonder the unfortunate man stormed. One Indian with a squaw and baby was defying the whole force.

After this it became known that Smoke was riding on some solitary raids. He must have found a safe hiding place for his woman and child.

Sergeant Major Churchill of the North-West Mounted Police was one of these splendid specimens of manhood who have made that wonderful force famous. He stood six foot one in his bare feet, was lean and

wide and as straight as a dart. He was a time expired Life Guardsman, whom the Commissioner had brought with him from England; and he wore the blue ribbon of Egypt. For the rest he was good looking, and debonaire and all the girls at Fort MacLeod were proud to have him for a partner at the monthly dances at the barracks.

Like so many men of the force he had its honour at heart and he made up his mind that Smoke was to be captured. He picked two or three of the best troopers and a Peigan half-breed who acted as scout and incessantly scoured the country.

One late afternoon the party was rather perfunctorily beating up the sides of a dry watercourse. They had experienced a long day following up rumours that led to nothing and were saddle galled and weary.

Suddenly a long moving shadow flickered across the side hill, and the thrush, thrush of a horse's feet in the withered grass told them that they had flushed their game unaware.

In an instant in response to quirt and spur the horses of the police party bounded forward in pursuit. As the big broncho of the Sergeant took the lead, and he settled down in the saddle he shouted:

"Take no chances, boys, shoot on range."

But Smoke had got a good start, and when they reached the summit of the draw, he was a quarter of a mile away lying low on the buckskin and urging him with drumming heels. Steadily the fine horse of the sergeant carried him away from his companions and drew up on the fugitive.

Smoke rode very quietly and did not seem to have any fear. Once, when Churchill was drawing close to him, he cast that wary look over his shoulder peculiar to plains Indians and coyotes, but gave no sign of per-

turbation. The rest of the party had fallen hopelessly to the rear, but they were witnesses of what followed.

Smoke was racing up a long acclivity when the sergeant closed in upon him. He called to the fugitive but got no response, and those following saw him reach out and try to seize the Indian by his long hair. Smoke simply moved his carbine with the muzzle backwards into the crook of his left arm and pulled the trigger. Then the two men continued to gallop side by side so fast that the little curl of smoke from the shot remained in the rear. In a minute the sergeant's horse pulled ahead; he swayed in his seat and fell to the ground, his horse leaping sideways as he cleared the saddle. Instantly Smoke stopped the buckskin and dismounted. He approached the figure of the policeman, which lay face down in a queer hunched up heap, and fired a shot into his back. It made a little round hole and soon the blood oozed out and spread on the tunic like red ink on blotting paper.

Without haste Smoke caught the dead man's horse (there was a fine Lee-Metford carbine in its scabbard under the stirrup), unbuckled the bandolier of cartridges; adjusted it to his own body; and, leaping to the saddle, galloped out of sight, unmindful of the bullets from the police party which were pecking at the prairie all about him. He was pretty safe, however, for Winchester carbines of the old police model do not make very good practice at five hundred yards.

Now, indeed, were the police aroused. Almost every daily paper in Canada told of the tragedy, and carried double column pictures of the dead man. Headquarters was furious and the officer in command at Fort MacLeod was harried until he

(Continued on Page 36)

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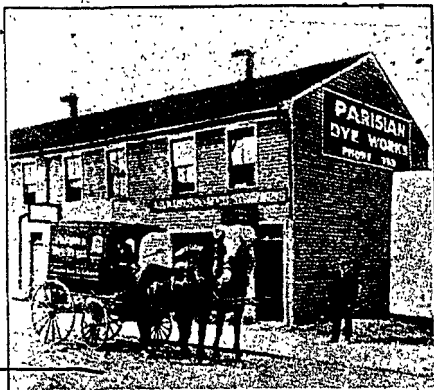
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Who joined Mr. Geesbreght five months after the business was started and has remained a partner ever since. Also an expert in this line of business.

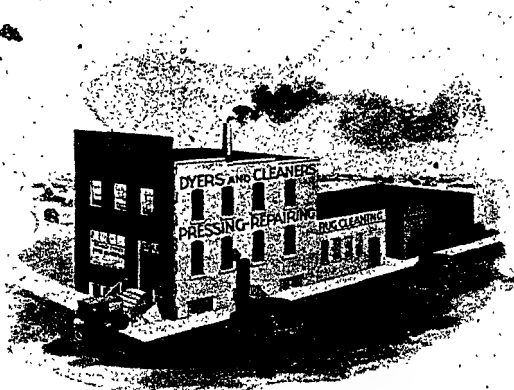


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Office and Shop in 1910



Head Office and Works

Ap-pi-no-kom-mit

(Continued from Page 34)

pain like that? We children of the Prairie do not cry out and make women of ourselves by moaning, but our hearts can bleed in silence. I see by your face. You understand this, the tale I had to take to his sister; that I left him alone; and alive, to die by their hands, because I must not kill him. What stab in a man's heart can give greater pain than I then felt. All day did they hover near us, as also did the wolves, drawn by the smell of blood. Happy the man whom the wolves got and not they, our enemies.

"AS night came, our leader came to me, and said that I should be the one to go ahead, and tell the tale of sorrow to the camp and ask that clothing and food be sent. Now, friend, you will know that the man that carries a tale of sorrow to the camp of our people also takes his life in his hands, for when sorrow strikes our heart our hand is likely to slay the one who has dared to bring the news, so fierce is our love for our own, be he friend or stranger that brings the message.

"As soon as it was dark I started on my journey. It was colder and the snow had begun to drift. Onward all night I ran, resting only for a sort time as I felt my strength leaving me and all the next day, taking only a short sleep by a fire in the middle of the day, then on, the same for three days. On the evening of the third day I neared the great camp, having travelled for three nights and days, with no food but the berries of the rose bush, which I gathered as I ran; and scarcely as much sleep as a man would get in half a night did I get in all that time.

"Tottering from weakness and sickness of heart, with gaunt cheeks and sunken eyes, my face frozen, my limbs bleeding where the crusted snow had bruised them, I staggered toward the chief's lodge; for only there could I be sure of safety. I reached it, but not before I had been seen and recognized by some children as I was entering the lodge; and the cry ran from one end of the camp to the other that I had returned, and was at the chief's lodge. All knew that it was a sign of bad news when I came alone and went there first. I entered the lodge and seated myself under the 'Medicine,' and now, my friend, for fear that you do not know all that that means I will tell you.

"As you know, the door of the lodge always looks toward the rising sun, and the chief's bed is always exactly opposite it; that is, against the back side of the lodge, equal distance from the door if you go either to the right or the left as you enter and the head is always to the north and as he sits in the daytime his face is always to the east, toward his own fire and the rising sun. There are reasons for this, as you know. At his left hand, at the head of the bed, is a tripod. His pillow rests on one side of this and under it he keeps his war bonnet, his tobacco and other sacred things; and over this, but outside of his lodge, hangs his 'Medicine Bag.' Now, he who sits there, as you see, sits under the 'Medicine' and even though he be a foeman, if he succeeds in gaining that place, his life is saved; so long as he remains there, that is, provided he goes there for that purpose; but once out of that place, any one may kill him, provided he has not convinced them that they ought to spare him. I entered the lodge and staggered to, and seated myself under the 'Medicine,' hanging down my head, heart-sick, and sorrowful. No one spoke; but you know that is our custom. My naked and forlorn condition told the exper-

enced eyes of the chief as well as the seat I occupied, to look for a tale of sorrow. For some time he hung his head, as if in deep thought, while the people, on the outside of the lodge, clamored for the news. Some of the councillors came in and seated themselves on my left hand, but no one spoke and at last the chief took his tobacco board and prepared a pipe of tobacco, and slowly filled his great medicine pipe. He then passed it to one of the councillors, who placed the stem in his mouth, turning the bowl toward another of the council, who placed a live coal upon it and lighted it; then handed it back to the chief, who, pointing the smoking stem towards the rising sun, prayed to the Great God above; to the sun, stars, and moon, earth, air and water, to have pity on his people. He then handed the pipe to me, bidding me smoke and ordered the women to prepare me food.

"When I had smoked and eaten in silence the chief solemnly shook me by the hand and said 'Do any live?' I answered, 'Yes.' This he repeated to the people. 'Are they in danger?' 'Yes, from starvation and wounds.' 'How far are they from here?' 'In two days they should be here those who still live.' This was told to the people and orders given that food and robes be taken to them. Then began the hardest part of my sad work as the people began to ask after their loved ones. A name would be called. I would make the sign that indicated living; and there would be rejoicing; but perhaps the next name called I would make the sign of death or wounded. Then the sounds of mourning would begin; till at last it seemed to me that the whole camp was mourning. And how I hung my head in sorrow when I heard my poor old mother's voice in quivering tones asking for her youngest born. Three times she asked, and I answered her not. It seemed as if I had not power to make the sign I knew would break her poor worn heart; for she was a widow and had had many sorrows. Then at last I made the sign that will never leave my memory; and still, I sat telling the sad news, till but little remained to tell; and still it came not, that voice so loved but so dreaded now, till at last my strength of heart gave way, and I sprang to my feet in an agony of pain. 'Ask me not for O-tat-to-ye,' I shouted. 'My heart is broke, and how can I tell them that he, too, will never come to those he loved and how can these lips he kissed with his dying breath speak the word that must break their hearts?' Then as I spoke I heard a low cry, and I felt insensible under the medicine.

"In two days time 50 worn forms were brought to camp. The relief party met them just in time, else not ten might have returned. Fifty out of three hundred it is late, my friend, and time to sleep. I have overstayed my time. 'O-tat-to-ye's sister? Why, you know her. She sits at my right hand, the mother of my children. You would not think now that she is a grandmother, that she was so beautiful as she was. My youngest grand-daughter looks as she used to look in those days. Get even with those Crees? Of course we did the next summer. I will tell you about it some time. It is a good story. Fifteen hundred of us went down there. It was a great battle. You see some traders came to us and we bought some more guns and one that made a great noise and could kill farther than any gun I ever saw. No, he was too young. Ok-ki-kit-sippe-me-o-tas was our leader then; an old war chief. Yes, some time soon I will tell you the whole story."

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"SMOKE"

(Continued from Page 34)

nearly went mad. A lone Indian was holding at bay one of the most important detachments of the most famous constabulary corps in the world. It was incredible, unthinkable, impossible. Yet nevertheless it was a fact.

The best frontiersmen of the force were summoned to Fort MacLeod to aid in the chase, and men from the detachments at Calgary, Edmonton, Regina and Prince Albert arrived by every train. The prairie was combed but the fugitive was on his native plains, and they couldn't catch him. Rumors led them everywhere. He had been seen in the next valley; a steer was killed just over that hill, but he was never there when the police arrived. He became a phantom to them a sort of prairie "Flying Dutchman," with no real presence, only a very real capacity for dealing death.

For a time it was easy for the Indian scouts to follow the trail of the iron shod police horse and Smoke covered incredible distances. It was, however, not difficult to get fresh mounts, for there were plenty of good horses on the range and Smoke was familiar with the use of a lariat. He rode the sergeant's horse to a standstill, and then abandoned it, apparently getting away on a fresh one he had picked up on the prairie. The police found it foundered, and spent, with the sweat still wet; but there was no sign of the rider.

At this stage the Indian Agent took a hand. He was a shrewd Scotchman, who understood his people and who had a remarkable reputation amongst them for fair dealing.

It was plain to him that Smoke was receiving aid and comfort from some of the Indian folks. He instituted careful inquiries, and, although he learned nothing directly of the fugitive, he discovered that a woman answering the description of Smoke's wife with a baby, had been seen at the lodge of an Indian who was related to the fugitive.

One day he drove over to this man's place, and invited him to accompany him to MacLeod. When he arrived there he told him that he knew that he had been helping Smoke. The Blackfoot denied the charge vigorously.

"All right," said the agent, "then I am going to put you in jail until he is captured, or you tell me all about him."

The Indian was vehement in his protestation but he was promptly locked up.

Now confinement to a Blackfoot is worse than death. An Indian who will face danger without a tremor will break down at the sight of prison walls.

After two weeks of the guardroom this man sent for the agent and told him if he would only let him free he would unburden his soul to him.

He said that Smoke had been at his home; and so had his wife and child.

"I only gave him food and shelter; it is the law of our people from the ancient time," he said piteously. "He was of my father's folk, what else could I do?"

"I have a good mind to send you to jail for the rest of your life," said the agent. "But you have been a pretty good Indian, and I will let you go back home if you do what I tell you. You are to remain quietly at your place and tell no one what I say to you. Then when Smoke comes, as come he will now that winter is here, you are to seize and hold him and send for me or the police."

The Indian was not very sanguine

about his ability to capture an armed man who had already three killings to his score, but he promised he would do his best.

THE END OF THE TRAGEDY

VIII.

AND so it befell that Smoke was taken, not by the police, whom he baffled so long, but by his own people.

A fall of snow had come, tracks were easy to follow, and he was kept incessantly on the move. He traveled incredible distances. At nightfall there were traces of him at one place; in the first glimmers of dawn he was sixty miles away. The police rode relays, sweating and swearing, and foundering their horses; but he fled from place to place as immaterial as a shadow.

Perhaps, however they pressed him harder than they knew.

One night when it was very cold and windy, and the drift was covering up all tracks in the snow, he walked into the house of his kinsman, who had been in jail at MacLeod.

There were several Indians around the open fire and the embers glowed with friendly warmth, making a deep tinge on those impassive faces.

He came as if he were amongst friends, and put the carbine of the dead sergeant against the wall. He was cold and pressed close to the fire, and not a word was passed. He was a poor wrecked figure of a man. His face and upper body was thin and emaciated; but his lower limbs were swollen from long ridings. Some one brought him food, and he ate but sparingly, standing up and turning himself about to the fire.

"I will rest here awhile," he said. A blanket was brought and he lay down on it, beside the hearth. He was far spent and never looked towards his rifle.

At first he found it difficult to lie from the pain in his body, but at last he slept.

There was no light except from the fire in that place, and the impassive heads and faces of the watching Indians gleamed with a rich dullness.

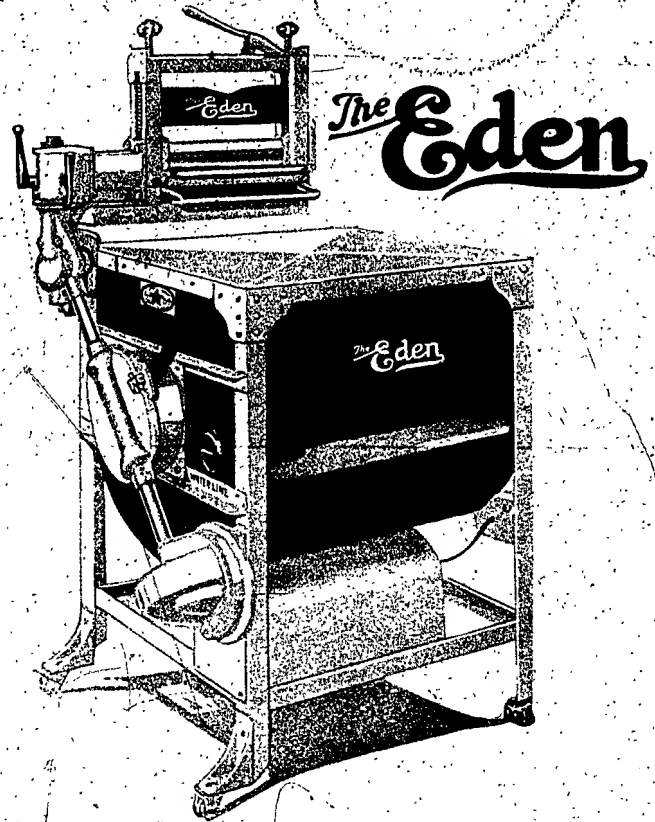
They looked silently on the sleeping figure for awhile, and then with one accord they seized and bound him with rawhide ropes. He was very weak and did not struggle. They were surprised that one who had done so much should not be stronger. They fastened him very tightly and the cords hurt his poor tortured limbs. After he was secured he lay very still, whilst an Indian rode to carry the news to the agent. I think if the ropes had not hurt him so much that he—even he, wild wanderer of the plains that he was—was glad he was now at rest.

When the agent came he ordered that his bonds be eased. Smoke asked what they would do to his woman and child.

"Nothing," said the agent, "they will be given a place on the Reserve, and food and treaty money, but you will be punished for what you have done against the law of the Queen."

Smoke was manifestly relieved, and whilst they were waiting for the police, asked for tobacco, and smoked with much satisfaction. He gave directions to the Indian agent where to find his wife and child, and asked that he might see them before he died. Compliance with his request was promised.

(Concluded on Page 38)



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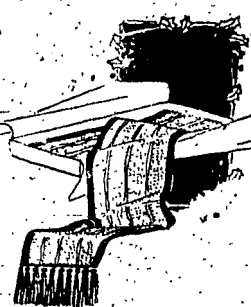
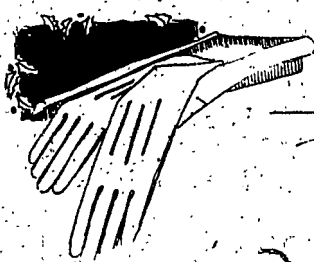
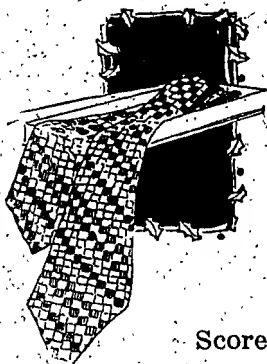
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"SMOKE"

(Continued from Page 36)

He was far gone with suffering, and it was considered advisable to have a doctor attend to his limbs before he was removed.

The trial was hurried on. There was no doubt of his guilt, but the law in its majesty had to be served, and an example to be made for the edification of the Indians who had been growing excited and restless as the news of his exploits were told in the lodges and around the camp fires.

It was all rather mysterious to him. He had become a weak, sick old man. His long winter rides had given rise to an affliction of the lower limbs that was very painful, but he never complained. He knew that he had to die, and he was mildly curious about the law of the white man. He had only killed to protect his woman, and when he was attacked. It was all so strange.

He was sentenced to death, with much circumstance, and he was so weak that he had to be supported by two troopers to listen to what the judge had to say.

At the last he was sinking rapidly, and efforts were made to keep him alive for execution so that the warning might not be lost on his kindred.

The morning he was to die his wife and child were brought in to see him. He lay, a feeble old man, on a pallet bed, and there seemed something monstrous and cruel in invoking all that circumstance to take a life that hung by such a feeble thread. He spoke little to the woman, but seemed well content. She looked very proud, and held her child close.

He could not walk, and had to be carried to the gallows, but he suffered from infirmity, not fear; I do not think he knew what fear meant.

He was hanged very effectively to the edification of a number of Indians brought from the reserve to learn a potent lesson. I think he cared less about the process than anyone else present.

THE YOUNG OF THE EAGLE

IX.

THE agent was as good as his word. Smoke's woman was given a house on the Reserve and she devoted herself to her child.

She had the three horses that had served them on their wanderings and the little bunch of cattle which Smoke had gathered before his epic.

She worked like a man to tend her stock and they increased and prospered.

She held herself proudly aloof from the other Indians and they in turn respected her. There was plenty of young bucks who would have taken her to their lodge, and provided well for her and the child, but she would have none of them. She had been the woman of a warrior, and this was his son.

The boy grew strong and lusty. He was a silent and taciturn child; but these two understood each other. When he was older they often sat silent together in their place; and although they spoke seldom, there was a brooding intimacy between them; a sort of silent communion.

When the lad reached the proper age, the agent persuaded her to let him go to the Industrial school at Calgary. He learned some of the wisdom of the white man from books, but was not a particularly adept scholar. In all athletic accomplishments he easily outdistanced his fellow; and that without apparent effort.

His mother had made the stipulation when he went away that he should spend part of each summer with her; and when the allotted time came, she was camped nearby the school. There was no demonstration when they met; they fared southward in the creaking cart to their native ranges.

One summer when the lad was well grown and tall, they took the cart drawn by the buckskin, that had been with Smoke in so many of his adventures, but now stiff and slow with age, and passing beneath the shadow of old Chief Mountain came to the secret valley. There they made camp for many days. She would take him up to the eyrie where Smoke, falcon like, had kept watch over the land.

In that place of moving memories, she talked to him, in a low liquid croon, and the child harkened entranced. He did not know what wild Saga she sang to him, but he was profoundly affected. He came from these communings with his eyes flashing proudly and he held his boyish figure with the warlike grace of a chief amongst his people.

Later when he left school he learned the craft of the range rider, and rode for the Oxley. There was no better horseman on all the wide plains.

When war came he was one of the first to go. It was inevitable; battle was in his blood.

* * * * *

Now, this is the story of the lad who stood before the King to receive the cross of valour. He had come to his birthright.

Music in the Canadian Home

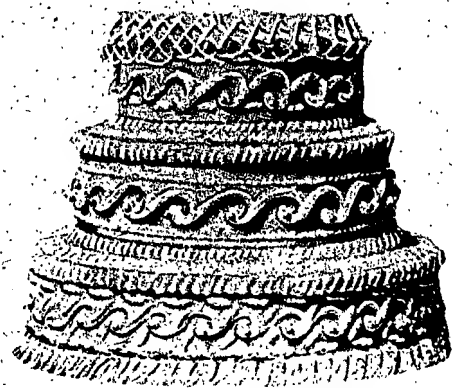
(Continued from Page 29)

from the west of England to give recitals in London. In this case it was not the natural aptitude of the boy alone which brought this remarkable talent to such early fruition; we must give half the credit to the opportunity which had been afforded him, for his father was a carpenter whose hobby was organ building. The common custom of sending children to take piano lessons at a given age is not to be commended as, except in rare cases the results will be next to nil. Much annoyance to the parents who lose hope and money, disheartenment to teachers and saddest of all, hatred of music to the pupil.

Now, at the commencement of a new year could we not make a resolve to turn the ancient dislike of

music and the dreaded lessons into a source of family fun and happiness? Why should not music afford the same pleasure indoors as a ball game does out of doors? Oh, the weary grind of those piano lessons. Oh, the distress of that home practice. Let our children absorb their music as they do their food and in twenty years' time we should have a musical Canada.

Encourage the playing of orchestral instruments by both boys and girls so that one evening in the week may be spent profitably in the society of musicians and in the study of good music. Give them the opportunity and then we shall less frequently hear that sad remark that we so often hear, "Oh, I wish I could join in—I wish I had had the opportunity."



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GOING OUT AFTER DUCKS

(Continued from Page 17)

decided after looking the ground over to divide into two parties with four pits, two to each set of decoys, so after waiting until the ducks had left the fields for the waters we slip out to the places we had selected and dig our pits, working with suppressed excitement in anticipation of the sport that would be ours when dawn would break on our coverts. Tired, but satisfied with our labors we trek back to camp and endeavor to get what rest we can, but as every real hunter knows our naps were fitful for in our sleep we could see those mallards coming and coming, flock after flock and in fancy heard the whistle and whirr of the wings as they drove over us.

At last morning breaks with a low hanging mist and our hopes run high for this is the kind of a morning that old duck hunters like and it augers well for a successful day, so we quietly slip out and get the decoys set up in the wind so that the incoming ducks must pass over us to go to them.

We have just got nicely settled away in our pits when a whirr of wings herald the approach of the vanguard of the duck army—a hurried glance upward shows our first visitors to be a bunch of greenheads and in a flash they were right in on us. Jack took a fast overhead shot and missed—a bad start, gentlemen. However, they were soon coming good and in a short time we had a real bunch of decoys set up with sticks under their bills to make them look alive. Some big bunches of fifty or more began to come, but they appeared harder to decoy and circled round and round and the writer had a hard job to prevent Jack from taking a crack at them, but at last they would suddenly make up their minds as if one duck and swoop right in on the decoys, then we both stood up and our repeaters were soon picking off the big ones as they towered high and fast.

One of the first things a new shooter on stubble will learn is not to shoot at the closest duck as that one will be within range after you have killed some of the others a little farther out, besides it is possible to get them too close and badly smash them up. It is better too to get the benefit of the spread of shot, for at close range the shot have almost the effect of a bullet.

Ye gods, that was some morning, gentlemen. A man must be a stoic indeed whose blood did not tingle with excitement as flock after flock appeared, growing with rapidity as they tore into our range at express speed. Here was work, indeed, for the lover of the gun, for it takes no mean practice to stop our western mallard when he's awing and flying head bent for election.

Soon, however, we get hungry and although the ducks are still coming we decide to go out and get a meal.

Roy and the other Jack come in about the same time, also toting a good bag. They speak of all the prairie chicken they have seen and we too are of the opinion that in this district they are more plentiful than at any time in our memory.

After dinner we decide we will do some flight shooting, so pick one of the lakes where the mallards are watering and get all set for their home-coming about 4.30. They begin to come in in flocks of twenty or so and we try to pick greenheads, but overhead shooting and the sun at our backs combined with the ducks' speed make for poor practice and our bag grows very slowly. As the sun gets low we hear the most musical of all hunting sounds—the flight call of the Canada goose. We hastily lie close to the rushes as we catch sight of a string of the big gray fellows coming in for a night's rest on the water. Speculation grows high as to whether they will come over us, but they hold well on their course and get lower as they approach the waters. I cast my eyes around without moving to see if the rest of the boys are quiet and am rewarded by scarcely being able to see them as they have flattened out so well. Another second and they are over us—bang—bang—bang—as the four repeaters rip into them, and six big honkers come down, with another hitting the lake too far out to get.

We have scarcely had time to get them when a shout of "North" goes up and away in the distance I see another flock coming in. We get another brace out of these which finishes that lake as it is now too dark to see properly, so we pick up and beat it for camp. Soon we have four nice ducks roasting in our tin oven, and while waiting for another banquet as all such suppers are when the appetite is keen and the day has been a gloriously successful one with just enough nip in the air to put a razor edge on our longing for eats, we kill the geese over and over again and every once in a while get up and feast our eyes on those honkers, for they sure look swell hanging to the trees high out of the way of the skunks and coyotes whose visits we may expect when we are away from camp.

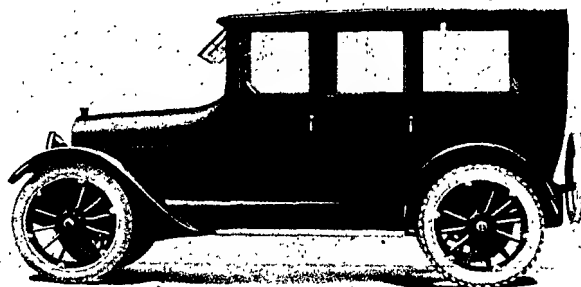
And, now, gentle reader, we leave you with the wish that some day you will experience the joy of the hunt as we did and measure the cup of contentment whose draught slipped under the starry northern sky brings sweet recollections and peace to all true lovers of nature and the great out of doors, where the Canada Goose and Mallard are Lords of the Air.



"And as Jack says, we found something"



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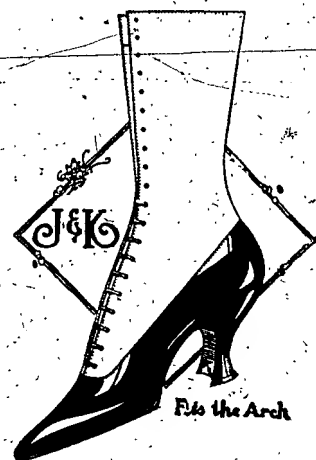
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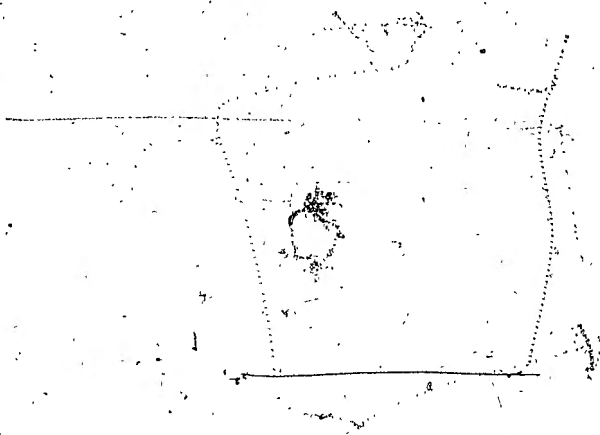
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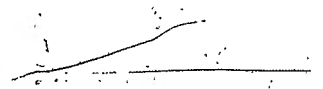


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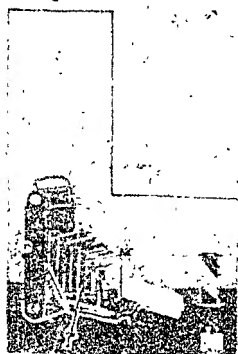


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